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Together®

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

FEBRUARY 1971

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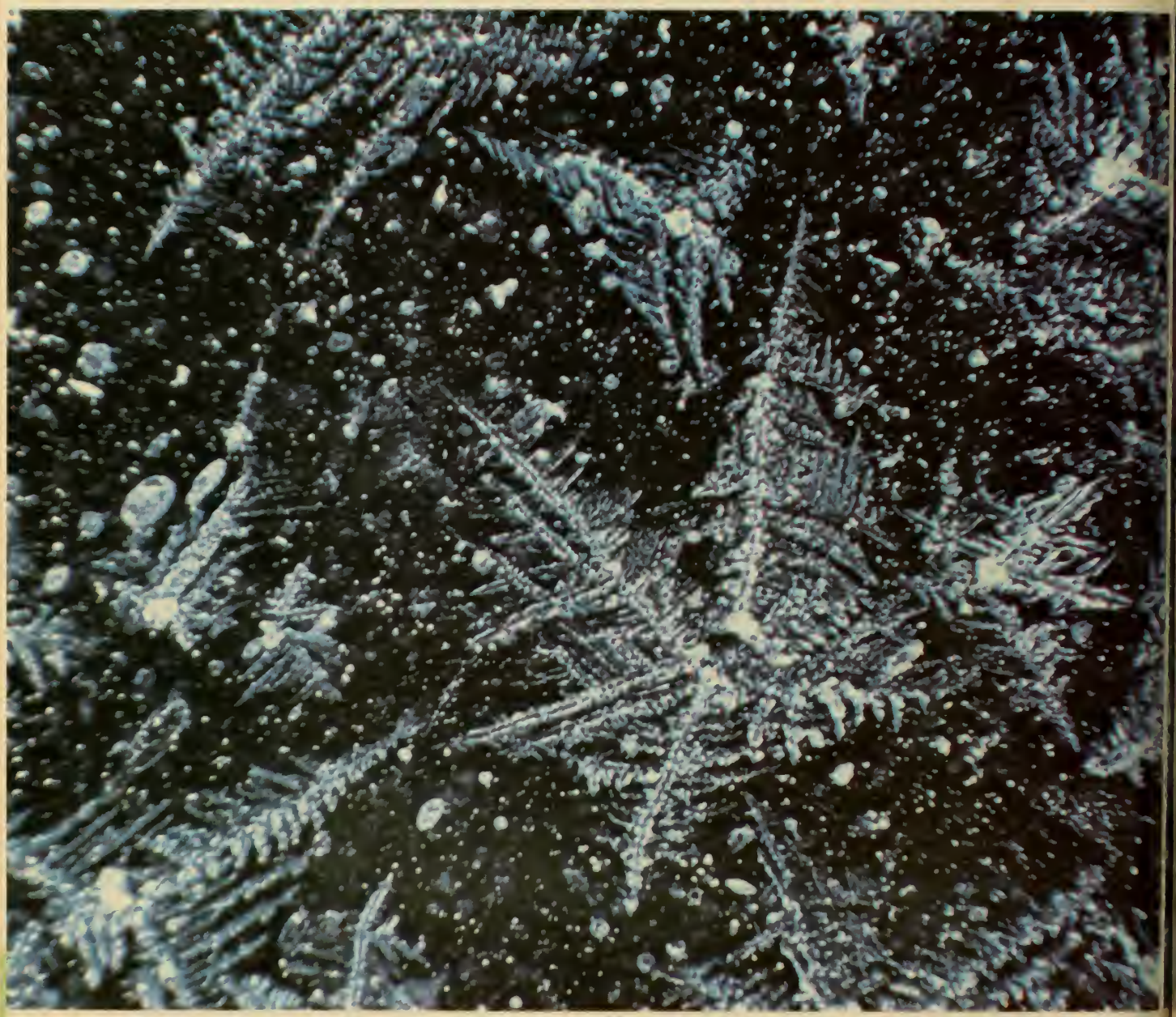
Christians Still Witness to All the World
Your Money at Work in Viet Nam
Botswana: African Methodists' New Mission

ancers celebrate new unit at Christian Medical College, Ludhiana, India.

Snowbound

—Marie Daerr



He is not bound by snow, who looks
At flakes as drops of quietude
That feather icy coats of brooks,
That give to boughs once black and crude
White edgings soft as eiderdown,
And make a pillow of a bush.

The fence post, capped, becomes a clown
And, aided by winds' steady push,
White waves roll high upon the land,
Till streets and fields alike are seas
Which summer never knew. A Hand
All powerful has fashioned these—
A hand whose message is . . . Be still
As winter stream, as snow-crowned hill.

". . . **and a time** to dance, . . ." wrote the ancient scribe af Ecclesiastes. That time—illustrative of the church's missionary outreach and many features in this issue—came last February for these students at the Christian Medical College, Ludhiana, India. The occasian was the laying af the cornerstane far a new private patient unit at the 75-year-ald schaal aperated jaintly by United Methadists and other Pratestant denaminatians. (The ceremony was conducted by U.S. Ambassador Kenneth B. Keating.) Present ta photograph the calarful dancers was Daris M. Adair who is associated with Chicaga Wesley Memorial Hospital and Narthwestern University's medical schaal. At that time, Miss Adair was on a missian taur af India. She plans to visit that country again early this year.

TOGETHER **FEBRUARY 1971**
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Together

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

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. . . but just look at her now!

When Su May first came to our Home in Hong Kong, the other children called her "Girl-who-will-not-laugh."

And there was a reason for her sadness. Her parents were dead, her relatives didn't want her. It seemed that no one in the world loved her.

So why the big smile now? Well, Su May has discovered that someone does love her. She lives in a pretty cottage along with her new "brothers and sisters"—and has loving care from a housemother, especially trained for the difficult task of being a mother to youngsters like Su May.

And just look at her now. She doesn't have a worry in the world—but we do. Because, you see, we must find a sponsor for Su May. A sponsor who will help provide food, clothing, education—love.

And Su May is only *one* heartbreaking case out of thousands . . . boys and girls who are neglected, unwanted, starving, unloved. Our workers overseas have a staggering number of children desperately waiting for help—over 15,000 youngsters, that will just have to survive the best they can until we find sponsors for them.

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Chicuque at the Crossroads

While native fishermen ply their nets in sparkling Inhambane Bay, missionaries on land work equally as hard at their tasks as 'fishers of men.'

By MARTHA A. LANE
Associate Editor, TOGETHER

MOZAMBIQUE—or Portuguese East Africa, as it has long been known—is a beautiful, California-size country curling along the Indian Ocean in southeast Africa. Portugal's Vasco da Gama explored the area for his homeland six years after Columbus reached America.

Almost 400 years later, in 1893, Methodist missionary Edwin H. Richards landed in Mozambique. Both the Portuguese and the Methodists have retained an active interest in the country since they arrived—the former to rule, the latter to serve.

Chicuque (Chee-KOO-kee) Mission Station is one of United Methodism's five centers of work in Mozambique today. It is in a tropical land, on a bluff overlooking Inhambane Bay and a palm-fringed coastline. The people (except the men who work in the mines in South Africa) are mostly subsistence farmers who pass their lives in fields of corn, manioc, peanuts, and greens. Cashews are the area's cash crop. And so Chicuque is considered rural, although the nearest large antelopes, elephants, and hippopotamuses are probably 50 miles inland and large game areas are more than 100 miles away. About 25,000 people live fairly close to the station, and buses and taxis connect it with the towns of Maxixe and Inhambane.

Indeed Chicuque itself looks more like a town than the thatch-roofed village most of us picture at the mention of "African mission station." The community's church has almost 500 full members, another 1,000 or so in various stages of preparatory membership, and a ministerial staff

of 5. There are also schools, a social-evangelistic center, a leprosarium, and a large hospital.

The Community Center

The Christian Center at Chicuque provides activities and classes for the community at large and offers a three-year Bible course for young people, catechists, and local-church workers.

There are classes in typing, sewing, cooking, and reading and writing; evening Bible studies; plus kitchen facilities, a library, and numerous meeting rooms.

The three-year Bible curriculum is taught five afternoons a week of an eight-month school year. Graduates are qualified to become local-church catechists. The 1969-70 Bible course enrollment was: first year, 20; second, 14; third, 14.

Youth Programs

An elementary school for girls was begun in Chicuque in 1913. Hartzell School now serves more than 160 girls "from seven years of age on up" through its boarding school, and another 600 boys and girls in a day school.

All classroom work must be done in Portuguese and must meet government curriculum requirements. Elementary subjects are augmented by classes in sewing, cooking, laundering, and some crafts. Boys study carpentry and other manual-training skills, and all students receive religious instruction.

Hartzell boarders are required to share in cooking, gardening, housekeeping, and other tasks. As Mary Jean Tennant, an American missionary and cosupervisor at the school, explains, "Helping prepare the food for cooking is part of their responsibility—pounding the peanuts for seasoning the greens, along with grated coconut—and oh, is it good! The greens are leaves of the beans or pumpkins, perhaps cabbage. Corn mush—somewhat dry—is the main food, with gravy of roasted fish and coconut or greens. On special occasions we have gravy with pork."

Miss Tennant (like all who work or visit there) also commented on the beauty of the country—of the lovely mango trees around the dormitories, of cashews, and of the beautiful bay just below the school where the children can go swimming when the tide is in—so long as they stay inside the fenced area which keeps them safe from sharks.

Chicuque Mission Station is authorized to run only a three-year elementary-education program. Hartzell students then must go on to a government school—if they go at all. (The current illiteracy rate of the country—90 percent—indicates how fortunate Mozambique youngsters are if they receive any schooling.)

In addition to Hartzell School, there are other emphases on youth at Chicuque. The Southeast Africa Conference's Youth Executive Council has fostered adult-supervised programs for four age groups—Stars, children aged 6-12; Pathfinders, boys 12-18; Homemakers, girls 12-18; and Methodist Youth Fellowship, for youth 18-30. Each has appropriate Bible study, recreation, singing, and handwork activities. Many young people also participate in circuit-wide and district-wide camps.

The Medical Complex

In keeping with the traditional three-fold concept of Christian mission—preaching, healing, and teaching—pioneering Methodist missionary Charles John Stauffacher set up a hospital and a nurses training program on his arrival at Chicuque in 1913.

Ten years later, according to a report written by the good doctor's wife, five nurses had been graduated from the two-year medical course, two of whom were helping at the hospital and three in out-station dispensaries. Dr. Stauffacher himself was making regular visits to 10 Christian villages, traveling by donkey. Each village had a medical hut from which a trained layman dispensed aspirin, quinine, and other simple remedies, and handled maternity cases between the doctor's visits.

Dr. Stauffacher headed the Chicuque hospital for 40 years. A year after his death in 1957, Dr. Robert L. Simpson became the new director. He had met Dr. Stauffacher on one of the latter's visits in America.

Today Stauffacher Memorial Hospital is the most outwardly busy spot of the mission station. In spite of the fact that several new buildings have been completed in the last few years, the hospital still is filled to overflowing. Some 150 patients crowd the various wards. Almost as many outpatients await help outside. Since it is an African custom that several family members follow the sick person to the hospital to prepare food for him during his stay, another 100 or so people are always milling around the hospital grounds.

Dr. Bruce Broughton, a Californian, joined the Chicuque medical team just recently to work with Dr. Simpson and 23 nurses—3 missionaries and 20 Mozambicans.

Last year almost 1,000 major operations and 1,600 minor ones were performed at Chicuque. As many as 20 operations—a dozen or more of them major—have been done in a single day. With the coming of Dr. Broughton to Mozambique, 1971's total will shoot even higher.

In a pleasant river-side camp five miles from the hospital, another 150 patients receive the medical team's attention. This is Teles Leprosarium, also begun by Dr. Stauffacher. Because of modern treatment methods, only those with complications or persons just beginning treatment need stay at the leprosarium anymore. Others live at home and receive medical attention as outpatients.

Needs Continue to Grow

In 1915, Dr. Stauffacher wrote that his hospital was "the only part of our work that is disappointing. We must turn folks away that we could treat and maybe cure in an adequately furnished hospital. We hope our prayers will soon be answered in that enough money will come so that we can have a place for these unfortunate ones."

Dr. Stauffacher's hopes still had not been fulfilled by 1965 when Dr. Simpson wrote to friends: "Those who have made rounds in the Chicuque hospital have seen the

Several youth groups, offering Bible study, recreation, and other activities, meet at Chicuque. Marcos Nhatumbo talks with some Pathfinders (above left), while another boy plays catch (below). Young people also work hard at the mission station. Students at Hartzell School, for example, grow and prepare food for the student body. Pounding corn (above) takes concentration when three girls use the same mortar. Girls below are hulling peanuts.

A main effort at Chicuque is ministering to the people's medical needs. Here a worker changes a leper's bandages, native nurses attend school, and Dr. Robert L. Simpson, head of Methodist medical work in Mozambique since 1959, checks a young patient's progress.

number of patients under the beds and between the beds, and the frequency with which the doctor must crawl under a bed to examine a patient."

Since then more bed space has been added, but the overflow continues. And the hospital lacks regular operating facilities. Instead, Drs. Broughton and Simpson operate in a cramped room which once was part of a mule stable.

The operating-room team is highly organized to get the most operations possible into a day's schedule. During every operation a nurse is already setting up for the next one. As soon as one patient is lifted from the table, another is lifted on.

Plans were made long ago for a

surgery building, but only a little more than half of the needed $45,000 is on hand and the ground was not even broken for it until a few months ago.

The most urgent need besides the proposed surgery building, which will have two operating rooms and two consultation rooms, is a place to put the patients when they come out of surgery. Dr. Simpson remembers that once "some patients, after their operations, slept under trees outside because it was a nice day. Then it began to rain and there was no room inside for them to return to."

Understandably, Dr. Simpson has begun to sound slightly discouraged about the medical work—and about Chicuque Mission Station's future in general.

"The work of the church here is to train Christian young people to take responsibility in the church and in their society. But each year we receive a 10 to 12 percent cut in the budget," he points out. "Our primary education program now is in severe jeopardy because low salaries cause us to lose our best teachers, and this causes the caliber of the school to be below standard. If we can't do something about it very soon, we'll have to close the school.

"The latest drop in World Service giving will show up very soon in the educational program," Dr. Simpson warns. "The hospital fares a bit better because of local receipts.

"The missionary's job is to work himself out of a job," Dr. Simpson continues, "and we're doing that at Chicuque. There are fewer and fewer missonaries, more African leaders. The missionaries' salaries come from overseas and are not part of the budget I was just discussing. African workers' salaries do not come from missionary salary sources, but from that budget which gets cut year after year.

"Hospitals and schools aren't self-supporting in the U.S., so why should you expect them to be in Africa? They *have* to be subsidized!" the doctor concludes.

Says one of the hospital staff members, "I've been working at my limit for the past 11 years, and I'll continue the same way." He could have added, "Until the money from home runs out—which doesn't look too far off to us here in Mozambique." □

Workday for the hospital staff begins officially at 7 a.m., when they assemble for devotions. Three times a week prayer services (like this one on the clinic porch) are held outside for outpatients and their families. Leading the service is Baba Alberto, who was cured of tuberculosis at the Chicuque hospital, and has been coming back to help others there ever since.

A Universal Gospel; A Global Mission

Tracey K. Jones, Jr., general secretary of the United Methodist Board of Missions, began missionary service in China in 1945, leaving that country in 1950, six months after the Chinese government came under communist control. He was pastor of Wesley Methodist Church in Singapore from 1952 to 1955. As chief executive of the missions board staff since 1968, he has led United Methodism's largest agency during a period of great tension. Because this issue of *Together* includes several articles on missions around the world, the editors felt it specially suitable to seek Dr. Jones's views on the future of the missionary enterprise. He was interviewed at the board's headquarters in New York City by Managing Editor Paige Carlin.

FIRST LET'S talk about the word "mission." In recent years we've heard it used often in this singular form instead of the old plural, "missions." Have our people achieved a new understanding of what mission means?

I think that the lay person in the local church has finally heard the message that has been proclaimed for the last 30 years—that the mission belongs to the whole church. Now he says, "I agree; mission begins with my local church, it begins with me. I am not going to delegate this to someone else." This is a sign of great potential. We are on a whole new plane of missionary comprehension.

Now the question is, What is "missions"? We are back to the plural because we are moving into a period when there will be many kinds of missions. If the layman is the real missionary, this means that the style and the structures are going to be very pluriform and diverse because the layman lives in the many different channels of secular life, and he has to work there. In this sense, missions (plural) is coming back because missions is merely what each group does where it is as part of the total mission.

In 1971 the World Division of the Board of Missions is budgeting support for about 100 fewer overseas missionaries than in 1970. This sounds like a kind of defeat. Is it?

There is a need here again to see what has happened in the last 20 to 30 years. Not only has the mission become the responsibility of the whole church, but a second thing is that what we used to call mission fields have become churches. What we have struggled almost a century to do has now been done. The churches that came out of United Methodist history in 55 countries overseas are now churches just as we on the American scene are churches. And each has its own mission to its own nation and its own continent.

The missionary's role increasingly has been to undergird and help these young churches where they needed help as they developed their own leadership. In most parts of the world these churches still want missionaries to do certain kinds of things to help them, but they now are standing on their own feet. So when you judge the success of our missionary enterprise, I say our original intent was not to create a situation where missionaries had to be present for the mission to survive but to create churches that would stand on their own feet. That has now been done.

Where does this leave the missionary? What is his role?

The role of the missionary, as I define it, is first to be a highly motivated Christian who sees that the fundamental issues of mission are the issues of faith in Jesus Christ. Second, he or she must be one whose life and skills enable him to reconcile people. It is the healer role, the reconciler, because the world suffers from tremendous alienation between groups, between nations. And third, the missionary in a highly complex society must bring skills that are needed for a period of time from one group to another, to help them.

But this is all internationalized and global now. Churches in all parts of the world recognize that they are becoming part of a global, technological culture. The astronauts have provided all of us with a whole new view of what the world is. This is going to radically change the churches' understanding of what their needs are and what their mission is. And it is at this point that they have to help each other as peers, as equals, and they must stay very close together and

share with each other what they are experiencing.

You share these understandings through people. This is what a missionary is, the link through which churches meet to understand each other, to comfort and encourage each other, and to reach out to those who are in spiritual need of faith and physical need of food and health. In the world in which we are going to be living we will need far more of them rather than less. All churches, including those in the USA, must learn to both receive and send missionaries.

We already have made efforts for the American church to become a receiving church as well as a sending church, haven't we?

Yes, increasingly this has been tried. We don't know quite how to get at it simply because the understanding has not yet caught up to the realities. For example, when an African comes to the United States, he tends to see himself as going back to the church that provided all the resources and energy that have helped his church come to life. He doesn't yet see himself as a missionary going into mission field. But this is changing.

People coming into the American scene are beginning to recognize that it is so dynamic, so anxious, so complex that the Americans no longer speak as if they have solved all the world's problems. They are looking for help, for comfort, for assurance, and the African or the Asian or the Latin American realizes that if he doesn't have an experience of faith in Christ to share and can't help reconcile people and doesn't have certain skills to share, he is not doing what a Christian ought to do.

The past two years have been a rather hectic time for the Board of Missions and its staff. How has the Board come through this?

Since May, 1969, when 475 Riverside Drive was occupied by Mr. James Forman and groups which supported him, we have been through one crisis after another, and it seems to me this Board has served as a testing ground as to how the denomination as a whole is to respond to minority concerns—of the black, Hispanic-Americans, Indian-Americans, Asian-Americans, women, youth.

This is not inconsistent with missionary history. The role of a mission board is to be at that point where the concerns of the faith are, trying to define mission and provide resources for the church to deal with the missionary situation.

In the 19th century this was seen in terms of "black Africa"—darkness, human need, paganism, suffering. Now we are living in a very different day. How do you relate to the concerns of minorities, to the concerns of the poor, to the concerns of youth who are struggling with the issues of injustice? But defining the missionary situation—or having it defined for us, as I would put it, by the Holy Spirit—is still the fundamental task of a board of missions. Then, having it defined, how do you respond to it, how do you cross the frontiers when you see them?

Defining the response, of course, is the delicate issue. This is a whole new style, and because it is new, there is tremendous ferment and trauma and uncertainty. Sometimes the groups seeking help feel that we aren't really listening, that we are insensitive, that we are part of a white-racist structure, middle class, bureaucratic. And on the other hand we are criticized by others who say we are being intimidated.

The question again is, What is the role of the mission and the missionary? It is the healing role, the reconciling role. And the only way you can reconcile people today is to be willing to listen to all sides. When you do, you are going to find yourself caught between contending forces. But that is where the church ought to be. That is where the Holy Spirit puts people who in the name of Jesus are reconciling other people. And there is no escape from criticism, from controversy; and, I might add, all experience a good deal of pain.

This brings us back to an understanding of the cross. We preach it as if it ought to be there, but we forget that if there is no pain, there is no cross. This, the gospel says, is the way you can test out how deeply involved you are in trying to heal the deep divisions in society today. If you are not experiencing some pain, you have to ask, Am I really involved in helping to carry the cross of our Lord?

The experience of alienation and pain, and a willingness to assume risk all go along with the missionary issues today. And there are a good many laymen and ministers across all the racial lines who are experiencing this pain as they try to help bring about healing in our society.

Many people are troubled by these confrontations because they cannot believe that God is speaking through the harsh rhetoric of confrontation. Is that, in fact, why the "confronters" are listened to?

In all biblical history there is a recognition that God's judgment comes in surprising ways. It doesn't necessarily come from people with whom we agree or people who affirm things consistent with our understanding of God or who are in the long run faithful to what we would say is a biblical view of how God works. Assyria was a tool used by God, but no one has ever said that Assyria was in any sense similar to the people of Israel or faithful to what God was trying to do. Therefore, I would not say that all who are confronting the churches are set apart by God. However, I do believe that through all these experiences taken as a whole we are experiencing God's judgment upon us.

I think you don't have to convince United Methodists anymore that the

church is under judgment. It has been too slow to practice what it preaches. Furthermore, its structures are dominated by males who are middle class and overwhelmingly white. We recognize today that those structures are not permitting youths and women and minorities to have their full share in the decision-making. Sometimes it takes a severe shock to see where we really are. That is what has happened in the last two years, and I think this is a sign of tremendous hope for the whole church—to see this, to seek repentance, and then to assume that we are skillful enough in The United Methodist Church to open doors for more groups to share in the decision-making power at all levels of the church's life.

In the former mission fields, now churches, are there not some rather difficult problems regarding the continuing support of institutions? Is it realistic to expect these young churches to take over these hospitals and schools?

This is a real problem and we don't know just how it will work out. This board is related to some 700 secondary schools and more than 100 universities and colleges overseas, and to many hospitals, medical schools, leprosariums, and other institutions. These are the result of decisions made anywhere from 15 to 30 to 60 years ago when the great needs were seen in education, in medical facilities, and so forth. The same situation is seen in the many community centers, schools, and hospitals in the USA.

In the long run other sources of support, governmental or private, will have to be found. Almost all these institutions now are under the control of local boards. They do not depend on the Board of Missions for decisive leadership. They do depend on the board for grants of money, and the long-range problem is how to get the funding localized. This is true with institutions both overseas and in the United States.

The issue here is whether priority should go to the maintenance of institutions or to new experimental ministries, isn't it? Does it have to be either/or, or can it be both/and?

It probably will be a both/and situation for some time because we must respect the integrity of the local people and churches. They have to be involved in the decisions.

My own conviction is that the mission board increasingly must be freed to probe new missionary situations. We exist to try to isolate where, in the old conceptual language, light and darkness confront each other; where the issues of faith in Jesus Christ and unfaith meet; where the issues of injustice and oppression meet. That provides a whole new set of issues for the next 30 years.

But how do you put resources of money and energy and prayer and ideas into these new things if much of your energy is going into decisions made 30, 40, 50 years ago? The churches overseas must help to free us for this. It cannot be done quickly, of course, but we have to insist on this transition because we must be free to get into new arenas where the Holy Spirit is leading us.

One of the terms we're hearing frequently in connection with minority groups in this country and with people in poverty overseas is "development." Do you have a working definition for it?

It's still very tricky, isn't it? It involves the responsibility of the churches to help the secular world in the development of people in terms of their self-understanding, in terms of economics, and all the rest.

Mainly, you have to help people help themselves; you can't do it for them. They have to be empowered from within, and that requires whole new understandings about themselves, their dignity, their humanity. So mission involves helping people to see who they are under God. And this kind of self-development requires skills and competence.

The basic concept of the development of people increasingly will be the missionary perspective because it brings in the theological issues. What does it mean to say to a man, "You are a son of God; Christ has revealed to you who you are and in him you find new life," unless you put that into language that is relevant to his situation? It is very hard for a Hindu or a Buddhist to affirm this, but if he can begin to see what this really means about his relationship to other people, it can have tremendous effect upon him and upon his national life. The empowerment of blacks and others who have been left behind in the United States is the testing ground as to whether or not we will be able to cope with this problem elsewhere around the world.

We're hearing also about the development of what is called "a black theology" or "brown theology." Most people don't see the gospel in black, brown, or white terms. What do these expressions mean?

I think I can answer that by coming at it a little obliquely. We are planning through the World Council of Churches a "Conference on Salvation Today" to be held in Indonesia late in 1972 and the first two weeks of 1973.

The purpose of this consultation is to try to answer the question, What does it mean to believe in God's salvation in Jesus Christ for all men?

I think that this is faithful to our Methodist history. Methodists have always stressed experience. We say that this is how you understand where the Spirit is at work. What we are doing in this consultation is to look around the world and ask, What are Christians experiencing and how do they interpret that experience to other people?

One place you look is in what we

refer to as the black-American experience. These are Christians experiencing something and trying to interpret its meaning. Christians in all parts of the world need to look at it because it is an experience that the black American Christians say is in Jesus Christ, given them by the Holy Spirit.

The black-American experience also offers one of the links between the American church and the African church, and this will be very creative for the future.

Does this suggest a need for more blacks and other minority people to work full time in the church?

I think it does, and as you know, Isaac Bivens, who is black, is now the Board of Missions executive responsible for all our relationships in the entire continent of Africa. There are white executives who work with him, but he is the person who is responsible for liaison with all our ties in Africa.

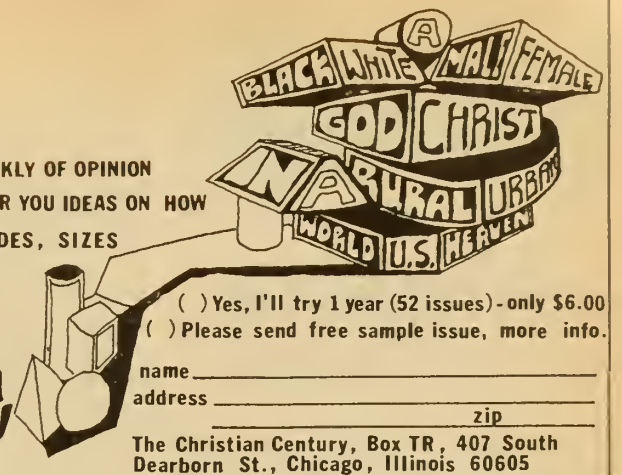
This is the beginning of a search for what this liaison might mean, and the same thing may be true in Latin America. Hispanic-American United Methodists offer a new link of understanding between the churches of Latin America and North America.

How do you see the future role of women in the church?

With 101 years of history the women in our church were one of the first minority groups to organize themselves, to define mission, and perform mission as they felt under God they ought to do it. This is now what youth and the ethnic minorities and the churches overseas are striving for. So the women have provided the example of how you free people to do their own thing.

At the same time, we obviously are in a day when men and women have to interrelate in achieving things together. But you can't get away from the fact that the self-identity of women is very critical right now in the life of our United Methodist Church. The structures are dominated by males, and women do not have a share proportionate with their role in the life of the church. But this is no time, in my judgment, for the women to be maneuvered into a position where they don't operate from their own base as women.

Our Women's Society of Christian Service is the nation's largest women's organization. It has been for years. Why would we want to see that suddenly submerged into a male-dominated structure? The role of women in our church has been one of their



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"be specific!"

is not always good advice

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When the world spun more slowly, and political change was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, those who purchased annuities for lifetime income could safely elect specific mission projects to benefit after their deaths. One could designate $2,000 to build a clinic in Borneo or $5,000 for a church in Rhodesia, and rejoice that after death his Christian stewardship would be perpetuated just as he had planned.

Today, the upheavals of independence and national self-determination frequently make it impossible for such specific projects to be carried out. The wise annuitant selects a **field of service,** and leaves the specifics in the hands of the astute administrators of the World Division.

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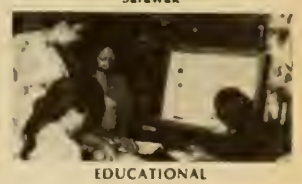
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most creative roles and it ought to continue.

As the new United Methodist Voluntary Service (UMVS) has developed, about half of the volunteers are indigenous people in the communities where they work. This seems to suggest to the white, middle-class young person, the recent college graduate, a nonspecialist, that the opportunities for his service are diminishing. Are short-term service programs becoming a thing of the past?

Look again at one of the new understandings I mentioned earlier. We used to say, "Here is the American Indian community, the mission field," or "Here is the Rio Grande Conference, a mission conference," or "Here is Rhodesia, the mission field." What happens when we say instead, "Here is the *church* of the Rio Grande; the *church* in the American Indian community, the *church* in Rhodesia?" This calls for a whole new understanding: you don't *send* people into that. The problem then is to find ways to empower people who are already in these churches to be in mission.

So UMVS is trying to find Indians to do the job among Indians and Hispanic-Americans to do the job in the Rio Grande. Highly trained, highly motivated people.

But these churches are also part of the universal church and they then have to say, "Who can come *in* for a period of time to help us, someone who is not Indian or who is not Hispanic-American?" And likewise the church in white suburbia must ask, "Who can come to help *us*, someone who is not white, not middle class?" The whole church requires that kind of interaction.

Now there are many areas of the world where highly trained missionaries continue to be needed, and sending unspecialized people into these areas for two months, six months, or two years is not going to speak to the needs. People have to have competence and skills if they are really going to help other churches to be empowered to the development we were talking about. You can't do it if you can't speak the language, for one thing, so there has to be this reservoir of people who are willing to take three or four years of training, knowing that they won't even make a contribution until they have that training.

And yet, the voluntary service—six months, one year—that remains valid, too. So again, it is not either/or; it is both/and. The point is that we are going to move on a broad front with diversity and flexibility. We'll do things that seem to be in contradiction to each other. I put it this way: If the Holy Spirit is the Missionary, the church is only an agent. Since the Holy Spirit moves in very diversified ways, we have to permit great diversity in our work.

Are there areas of the world where The United Methodist Church will be working where it has not worked before?

From 1911 until about 1960 we opened up work in only one new country—Nepal. However, in the last 10 years we have made contact with churches in seven countries where we have not had relationships before. The reason is that we see mission as global and therefore The United Methodist Church has to be related to churches in every part of the world. It doesn't mean that we go into these new countries to start a United Methodist church. It does mean that we want to relate to missionary opportunities there along with other Christians.

That brings us right back to the basic fact that the gospel is universal. It is for all men. And we are back to the simple hard reality that the Christian people are the people of God, and if other people aren't concerned, we Christians have to be because the gospel tells us to. And we have to be ready for the new because the Holy Spirit is dealing with the new. If we want to be faithful as Christians, we have to go with the Spirit as it leads in diversity and pluriformity.

The one thing we are sure of is that we can't stay where we are. If we tried to, we would be denying the very essence of the biblical faith and the very experience that Christians have had down through all the years. Certainly if any church ought to have an awareness of what experience means for mission, it is the United Methodist. Our whole history has been missionary. Our whole history has been one of wanting to move out to people who are in need of an inner experience of faith and in need of help from their brothers and sisters to be empowered as individuals and groups to the full potential of their humanity. We are at the beginning of one of the great mission eras of Christian history. I for one welcome it. □

Your Money in Viet Nam . . .

Witnessing to Love in the Midst of Hate

By EDWIN H. MAYNARD
Editorial Director, Division of Interpretation
United Methodist Program Council

Many persons through whom the church works in Viet Nam are Asians. Others, like Russell and Grace Kleinbach, are Westerners. The Kleinbachs, who volunteered through the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, have just completed a two-year assignment in Pleiku. Grace is a medical doctor, and Russell worked in hospital maintenance. Their children are adopted Vietnamese-Americans.

IN QUANG NGAI you can hear rifle fire throughout the night, every night. Sometimes it is in the streets. Close. At other times it is in the distance, perhaps on the outskirts of town.

Rifle fire is not the only night sound. Some nights there are machine guns to be heard, and almost always the automatic rifles. Then there are the dynamite-like sounds of bombs, or the Fourth-of-July whoosh of rockets. And always the artillery booming in the distant mountains.

Is reconciliation possible here?

All day long the helicopters are on patrol overhead. There is a burned-out army truck on one of the main streets of town. Nobody wants—or dares—to move the wreckage away. There was a political murder a few weeks ago, just two blocks from where you are staying. A village headman, relocated in the provincial capital, was gunned down in his home as an enemy show of force.

Families are divided. Cousins or brothers may arrive at opposite loyalties—one to the Republic of Viet Nam government, the other to the National Liberation Front. People switch sides, in both directions.

Fortified camps have been provided by the government for Viet Cong sympathizers who change their minds. Pamphlets are dropped in Communist-held territory, offering amnesty to anyone who gives himself up. A number take up this offer. The government makes good on its promise and provides for their housing and "rehabilitation." Their homes are quite good—too good, say some of the progovernment refugees who eye the Chieu Hoi (Open Arms) settlements jealously from their squalid refugee camps. Yet the camps of the reformed Viet Cong are part-fortress, part-prison, so constructed to protect those inside from reprisals by their former comrades.

Is reconciliation possible here?

Quang Ngai is just one town in one province of Viet Nam. Yet the story of Quang Ngai is the story of Viet Nam. Seldom in the sordid history of warfare has the entire population of a country been so deeply involved. Battle lines are nonexistent; the front is everywhere. And Viet Nam is a country that has known warfare continuously since 1941. To anyone under 30 years of age, to go

about in the midst of a war is the normal way of life.

Reconciliation in Viet Nam must come from many quarters. The big powers must withdraw and give the Vietnamese people, north and south, a chance to attempt reconciliation with each other. A vast amount of political rhetoric, from North and South, must be swallowed before reconciliation can begin. On the part of millions of Vietnamese there must be forgiveness and a will to be reconciled.

Little of this appears within reach at the moment. In providing the necessary conditions, Americans can sometimes help. At other points they must hold back to let the Vietnamese be themselves and do for themselves.

As Christians and as a church, we are pledged to be on the side of reconciliation. If there are some things we cannot do, what are the things that are possible? Can we in any way be instruments of reconciliation in Viet Nam?

One answer lies in the work of Vietnam Christian Service (VNCS) a co-operative work of relief and service. It was organized in its present form in January, 1966, but continues relief programs dating as far back as 1954. VNCS is a partnership of three organizations: Church World Service, through which the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief is involved; the Mennonite Central Committee; and Lutheran World Relief. On the field in Viet Nam, VNCS also works with Caritas (the Roman Catholic relief agency), International Voluntary Service (nonchurch related), and Asian Christian Service (sponsored by the East Asia Christian Conference).

VNCS has stated as one of its objectives, "to witness to the reconciling power of love in the midst of violence, fear, hate and despair." It does this through services to persons in need.

The total program of Vietnam Christian Service consists of projects at 13 locations in South Viet Nam—the only part of the divided country in which it is permitted to operate. Feeding and housing refugees are elementary parts of the program. Since most of the feeding and emergency housing are done by government agencies, VNCS concentrates on long-range needs of those who have found their lives devastated by the war. Lives are rebuilt by vocational training, education, small-business loans, and many kinds of social service.

United Methodists now are moving to strengthen this work in the name of reconciliation.

When the Fund for Reconciliation was established by our Uniting Conference of 1968 as the first major financial goal of the new church, it was agreed that relief and rehabilitation in Viet Nam would be a part of that work. Out of a total fund goal of $20 million, it was agreed that $2 million would be used for assistance to the Vietnamese people. It was recognized that much of the work of rehabilitation must await the end of the war, but the needs of people in the midst of war cry for immediate action. For this reason the Quadrennial Emphasis Committee, which administers the Fund for Reconciliation, has made two appropriations for Viet Nam. The first, in November of 1969, was for $132,000. The second was made in August of 1970. It provides $264,070 for five specific projects.

Here is the work that these new reconciliation funds will do:

Montagnard Hostels, $75,000. At the bottom of the social scale in Viet Nam are the Montagnards, or mountain people. They are the aborigines who were pushed back into the mountains by the influx of a stronger culture several thousand years ago. Wartime has disrupted normal services to the Montagnards, including education. The "hostels" are dormitories to assist young people from these tribes in attending school.

Housing, $70,000. Homes are needed for refugees, many of whom now live in camps or are crowded in with relatives or friends. This grant will provide 200 or more houses in areas outside Saigon. Maximum financial aid is to be $300 per house and construction costs will be very low, with a stress on use of local materials. Families in greatest need will be selected for housing assistance.

Elementary Education, $50,000. Schools are disrupted by war. In many cases government schools give instruction at the level of fifth grade and above. Entrance is by competitive examination, leaving it to private schools to qualify the students. To an impoverished refugee, even a small fee can extinguish all hope of an education. The VNCS program of educational assistance provides from $3 to $9 a month to supplement the family's own resources. For some 2,600 children, this is the difference between school and no school. The grant of $50,000 from the Fund for Reconciliation will extend this help to more students for a two-year period.

Amputee Program, $44,070. There are several hundred thousand amputees in Viet Nam. Land mines do not distinguish their victims, so women and children are found along with soldiers in the amputee wards of the National Rehabilitation Institute. To help victims with artificial arms and legs, Vietnam Christian Service contributes several staff persons to the government's institute. They are physical therapists and social workers. The new grant is to recruit and train two Asian persons as physical therapists and send in one Western person who already has professional training in this field.

Training Social Workers, $25,000. Social work is a new profession in Viet Nam, but one that is in great demand. All kinds of services to war victims call for the insights and skills of the professional social worker. The training of social workers was pioneered by the Roman Catholic Church and the government now is starting its own school for this purpose. The Caritas School for Social Work (the Catholic school) is turning to short courses to train many kinds of persons in the basic concepts and skills of social work. The grant will provide scholarships for students and will place an American professional on the Caritas staff.

Is this kind of work relevant to the needs of Viet Nam?

From one divided family a boy was working with Vietnam Christian Service. His uncle, fighting with the National Liberation Front, sent him a note: "Stop working for the Americans." The boy wrote back: "I am not working for the Americans. I am working with Americans for the good of Viet Nam."

Or, as Mrs. Betty Vogel, a United Methodist on the VNCS team, said when asked why she was there: "I want to be a different kind of American presence in Viet Nam."

The projects look small when compared with the total need. They are only a few steps down the long road to reconciliation in Viet Nam. But by taking the steps that can be taken now, United Methodists, through the Fund for Reconciliation, are placing themselves firmly on that road. □

Latest United Methodist dollars sent to Viet Nam —the second Fund for Reconciliation appropriation—are designated to aid five specific projects: stipends for 2,600 children to attend school (above); hostels, or dormitories, for the children of Montagnard mountain tribes (above right); housing for refugees like the 68-year-old grandmother (below) whose home was razed in an early-morning blast; physical therapists to work with the thousands of Vietnamese amputees (right); and training and placement of social workers.

TV & Films

"WE HAVE to determine whether we are going to go down the dinosaur's road, or whether we are going to survive." The words were spoken by Dr. Loren Eiseley at the conclusion of one of the remarkable *Civilisation* programs on public television.

Dr. Eiseley is not alone in his survival concern. Many are voicing similar concerns, and often with more urgency. In May 1969, U Thant said: "I do not wish to seem overdramatic, but I can only conclude from the information that is available to me as secretary-general, that members of the United Nations have perhaps 10 years left in which to subordinate their ancient quarrels and launch a global partnership to curb the arms race, to improve the human environment, to defuse the population explosion, and to supply the required momentum to development efforts. If such a global partnership is not forged within the next decade, . . . the problems . . . will be beyond our capacity to control."

With that as a backdrop, United Methodists should look forward with eager interest to involving themselves in a larger than church-wide broadcast project called "Survival in the 70s."

Broadcast leaders of the United Methodist and United Presbyterian Churches have joined together for a "Survival" project to create a series of radio and TV spots for a nationwide campaign. What is really exciting is the determination to involve as many local church people as possible in designing and developing the announcements. Here for the first time is an opportunity for the grass-roots church to speak for itself.

During February, March and April, all local United Methodist and United Presbyterian churches are being urged to conduct at least one four-session "Survival" workshop. The sessions will be devoted to (1) media values and human need, (2) the Christian understanding of life, (3) actual creation of spot messages for national radio/TV, and (4) gearing up for local action in radio/TV.

As mankind moves into what may well be the decisive decade for civilization, what is the saving word the church must speak if it is to make a difference? How does one distill the essence of the Christian gospel into a relevant 30 or 60-second "commercial"?

Having expressed my enthusiasm for this project, let me voice one large reservation. In announcing this project, leaders of United Methodism's Division of Television, Radio, and Film Communications (TRAFCO) indicated that it would deal with "issues and principles of paramount importance for the individual person." My reservation is that it is possible to become involved with individual problems to the exclusion of the social ills which may destroy us. Living as we do "between the times," sometimes it seems to be all one can do to survive and maintain one's equilibrium as an individual.

The church can no more focus its major energies on individual survival in a world in turmoil than a physician can focus his major energies upon his personal physical well-being in the midst of an epidemic.

When one takes American church people seriously, they are the greatest resource in the world. This project does so. At this point in history we need all the resources we can muster. I salute TRAFCO for its wisdom in designing this project so as to involve everyone.

And I look forward eagerly to the outcome of this broadcast project. Somewhere there are the spokesmen the church and the world desperately need to hear. Heretofore they could not be heard. Now they may be.

—David O. Poindexter

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

Jan. 20, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on NET—*The Great American Dream Machine.*

Jan. 21, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on NET—NET Playhouse: *Let Me Hear You Whisper.*

Jan. 22, 7:30-8:30 p.m. EST on NBC—*The American Wilderness.* Historic background on creation of Yosemite, Glacier Peak, and Hell's Canyon.

Jan. 28, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on NET—NET Playhouse: Arthur Miller's *A Memory of Two Mondays* with Estelle Parsons and George Grizzard.

Jan. 29, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus.

Jan. 30, (Time to be announced) on NBC—Children's Theater Special: *The Super Plastic Elastic Goggles.*

Jan. 31, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EST on CBS—Children's Film Festival: *Miguel, Felipa, and Geronimo Jones.*

Jan. 31, 10-12 p.m., EST on NET—Fanfare: *Orpheus Then and Now.*

Feb. 2, 9-11 p.m., EST on NBC—*First Tuesday.*

Feb. 2, 10-11 p.m., EST on CBS—*60 Minutes.*

Feb. 3, 7:30-9 p.m., EST on NBC—Hallmark Hall of Fame: *The Price* with George C. Scott and Barry Sullivan. This is a must see.

Feb. 5, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*Wildfire.* Cause and control of forest fires.

Feb. 7, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EST on CBS—Children's Film Festival: *Lion Hearted.* Boy befriends escaped circus lion, saving its life.

Feb. 9, 8-9 p.m., EST on CBS—*National Geographic* Special: *The Great American Desert.*

Feb. 11, 8:30-9 p.m., EST on NET—NET Playhouse: *Hollywood and Its Movies.*

Feb. 12, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*They've Killed the President* portrays events surrounding assassination of Lincoln.

Feb. 14, 4:30-5:30 p.m., EST on CBS—*Tico and the Sharks.* A Trinidad boy raises a shark, frees it, meets it 10 years later.

Feb. 14, 10-11 p.m., EST on NET—Fanfare: *The Vienna Philharmonic.*

Feb. 16, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST on NBC—*The Everglades.* Hugh Downs narrates the controversy between conservation and commercial interests.

Feb. 18, 8:30-10 p.m., EST on NET—NET Playhouse: *The Rediscovered Film.*

Feb. 20, 12:30-1 p.m., EST on NBC—*The Pogo Special Birthday Special.*

CURRENT FILMS OF INTEREST

WUSA *(GP)*—An example of what happens to good film makers when they concentrate more on political ideology than cinema. Paul Newman and his wife, Joanne Woodward, as the stars, Stuart Rosenberg, the director, try to talk about the dangers of fascism (ultra-patriotism) in American life. Tony Perkins wonders through as a psychotic killer who manages to give liberal social workers a bad name. The picture is an unpleasant waste of talent and good intentions.

Monte Walsh *(GP)*—Lee Marvin is an aging cowboy living on the edge of a frontier that is disappearing. His work as a range hand is leaving him with nowhere to go. In semidocumentary style, Director William A. Fraker creates a respect for the fellowship created by workingmen facing the hardship of their labor and the fellowship of the bunkhouse. The conclusion is grim, appropriate to the ending of an era.

Burn! *(GP)*—In *The Battle Algiers,* Director Gillo Pontecorvo celebrated revolution, specifically the Algerian overthrow of the French. In **Burn,** Pontecorvo is less successful with a tale of 19th century colonialism which is apparently designed as an analogy Western imperialism's oppression the Third World. At least half an hour has been cut for the American print, and everyone but Marlon Brando seems to have been dubbed. The result is disjointed and to obviously propagandistic to work as cinema.

The McKenzie Break *(GP)*—Escape pictures comprise a distinct genre, changing only the method of escape and the war in which the escape occurs. This one has Germans escaping from an English camp, and while the fun as usual is in the getting away, the German leader's sadism interferes with what is otherwise a pleasant bit of escapism.

NEWS

ublic utility it ain't," declare sehree United Methodist ministers, tey nevertheless call themselves heLight Company." Under Board Evngelism sponsorship, the group vailable in churches, schools, and treet-corner witnessing. Their rkis supported entirely by funds merformances and record sales.

NATIONAL CHURCH UNIONS: SOME DONE, SOME 'DOING'

Gool: Notional church union.

Route: Dictoted by notional needs ond customs.

Timetoble: Ranges from "recently completed" to "who knows when?"

In the United Stotes of Americo the stondord beorer in current attempts to form a notionwide church is the Consultation on Church Union (COCU). United Methodism, with its more than 10 million members, is the lorgest of the nine denominotions deliberating COCU's plon to unite some 25 million Protestonts in this country.

The consultotion, in a series of regional conferences lost foll, exposed its plon to some 600 bishops ond other denominational authorities. Based on reoctions by those leaders, the consultotion then extended the deadline for locol study and response to its plan to June 1, 1972. COCU officials have stressed the need for gross-roots rewriting ond refinement.

COCU tolks, begun in 1960, ore in early childhood stages compored with church-union discussions in other countries.

Decades of discussion were culminoted recently by some 200,000 Protestants who united into the Church of Pakistan. The new church orows out of union talks thot began in southern Asio in 1919.

Now the lorgest Protestant body in the overwhelmingly Muslim state, the new church unites some 40,000 United Methodists formerly making up the Pakistan Centrol Conference ond former Anglicons, Lutherans. ond Presbyterions of English ond Scottish missionary heritage.

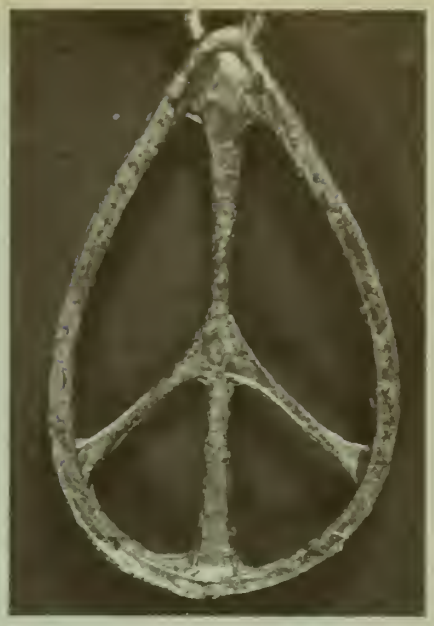
One of the Pokiston union's chief architects and one of its five bishops is Bishop John Victor Samuel, who at age 40 wos one of United Methodism's youngest bishops. Like other outonomous churches involving former United Methodists, the new Church of Pakistan will have offiliation with the church in the U.S. It will send nonvoting deleqates to United Methodism's General Conference, and the denomination's Board of Missions will continue to provide missionories to the new church.

While the new Pakistan church unites Protestants in the nation's east and west divisions, Indion Christians came closer to eventual national union with formation in late November of the Church of North India.

United Methodist participation in the new Indion church is the subject of an oppeal to the denominotion's Judicial Council [see *Highest Councils Hear Concerns*, poge 19]. Until thot issue is settled, the 600,000 members of United Methodism's Southern Asio Centrol Conference remoin outside the union, which encompasses more than 500,000 members from six Protestont denominotions including Methodists reloted to British or Australian churches.

The new church is to be distinguished from the Church of South Indio formed in 1947. The lotter church hos indicoted it would welcome union tolks os soon os the new church is ready.

Proposals to unite the United Church of Canodo ond the Anglicon Church of Canado, each with about 1 million members, dote to 1944. Another step in the long journey was token recently with unveiling of o proposed Covenont of Union. According to present schedules, o finol plon of union could be approved by 1972, with merger in 1974 at least o possibility.



Peace symbol or Satanic device? Modern-day reminder of nuclear devices or witch's foot from the Middle Ages? For the real meaning of this figure, see Teens *column, page 60.*

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Religion's 'Gone Public'

Looking for religion? Tune to your local radio station, take a high-school course, or turn to your state constitution. Religion is popping up in all sorts of public places.

Several radio disc jockeys in Washington, D.C., are playing a popular hymn on their programs. ***Immortal, Invisible***—sound familiar? Set to a lively new tune, it's one of a dozen songs on ***The Now Faith*** album recorded by the choir at Faith United Methodist Church in Rockville, Md.

Most of the numbers, such as ***Whatever Happened to What's His Name—With the Bearded Face?*** are orginals of choir director Floyd E. Werle. He created them for a Church-o-Theque series of contemporary worship services presented in Washington-area churches.

Church music shouldn't be "written off or performed differently from or inferior to its 'secular' counterpart," stresses Mr. Werle, who is also chief of composition and musical arrangement for the Air Force Band.

An indication that churchmen no longer call the tune was seen in the voting tally on a recent Texas constitutional amendment which authorized local liquor-by-the-drink options.

Some leading Texas churchmen saw the result as a sign of diminishing influence of the church.

One was John J. Hurt, editor of the ***Baptist Standard***, who had no doubt that it indicated a decline of church power.

Disagreeing with him was Dr. J. Claude Evans, United Methodist chaplain at Southern Methodist University. While he agreed that the church does not have the power it once had on the "liquor issue," he said that "it's not the waning of the church" but just a reaction to pietism.

Others thought the shift from rural to urban society and the general public weariness of hypocritical attitudes of many churchmen and traditional liquor laws influenced the outcome.

Last June the North Texas Annual Conference told its members to examine the issues and vote their consciences—a stand in keeping with the national United Methodist policy adopted in 1968.

On a national level churchmen are involved in an ecumenical effort to get full implementation of a federal law which provides free school lunches to children.

Under the bill some 10 to 12 million children should be served a free or reduced-price lunch. Figures show, however, that the number of children covered dropped from 5.2 million last May to 4.1 million in September. The effort to increase the number functions through the Crusade Against Hunger and the National Council of Churches.

Religion in public schools has been a touchy subject since the 1963 Supreme Court decisions banning prayer and Bible reading. But at the request of the principal there is a new nonstructured elective course on religion at Montclair (N.J.) High School.

"It's a course on religion in terms of man and his quest for meaning," said the Rev. Lowell M. Atkinson, pastor of First United Methodist Church. He is a member of the Ministerial Association of Montclair which helped in initial planning of the sessions.

Each session involves Protestant, Jewish, and Roman Catholic clergymen. They are only moderators, Mr. Atkinson pointed out. The students ask most of the questions and do the talking.

The course is valuable for two reasons, according to Mr. Atkinson. First, "it gives young people a chance to express their questions and concerns about life—in the presence of both their peers and the leaders."

Secondly, "it gives students a chance to show their exuberance in ways other than burning buildings."

This course "provides other ways to use their vitality by raising philosophic questions and struggling with them. It's an opportunity for young people to show their real quality of seriousness and earnestness about life."

INDEX

An alphabetical index covering Volume 14 of *Together* (January-December, 1970) now is available for 35¢ from the *Together* Business Office at 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

TWO-PRONGED APPEAL SEEKS SCHOOL FUNDS

As United Methodists appro Race Relations Sunday (Febru 14), and its annual special offeri to aid the church's black scho other efforts are being launc across the nation to improve upgrade institutions of higher le ing related to the denominatior

Recently the drive to raise $8 lion in addition to the Race Relati Sunday offering for the church's black colleges over the next years got into full swing with naming of the campaign's directors.

Dr. Dennis R. Fletcher and Dr Clayton Calhoun, both veteran the church, were named by Board of Education to lead in fund raising.

The 1970 General Confere asked the church to raise $1 mil for scholarships and loans anc million for current operational penses for each of the next years. The $1 million is to c from other agency budget cuts, $8 million from the fund campa

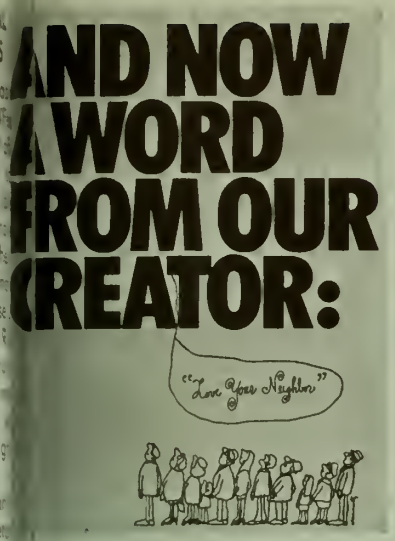
Previously the church had ported its black schools prim through its Race Relations Sur offering.

Among the denominati youngest schools, Alaska Meth University has implemented a cial $3-million nationwide paign for building, endowment, current operational purposes. A same time the school's boar trustees turned down a sugge from Board of Missions leade consider merger with the Unive of Alaska. The Anchorage ins tion did, however, accept a re mendation for better co-oper programs between the two sch The plan is expected to imp AMU financial matters.

Several United Methodist-rel schools were recent recipient grants and bequests. Meharry M cal College in Nashville, Tenn ceived the highest—$7.8 milli of which $150,000 came fron Board of Education, $2.4 m from various foundation grants

While some schools are h ered by a lack of funds, the Cru Scholarship program is still a ina students. For the academic 1970-71 a total of 153 scholar enrolled with Crusade aid. A half are studying in the U.S.

Since the program began in more than $4.5 million has given from the Women's Div of the Board of Missions t Crusade program.



is the new slogan for the Religion American Life (RIAL) campaign, rld out in co-operation with 37 igious groups and the Advertising ncil. With mass media contributing e and space, the program stresses ligious faith in everyday life and the portance of regular worship.

N ED METHODISTS RETAIN S SENATE 'PLURALITY'

Fst in the Senate, second in the ouse, and first in the governor- p of the respective states.

Tat about says it as to United thodist numerical ranking in the ney-second Congress and in the capitols.

Vth 20, United Methodism con- us to have more senators than other religious denomination. e total is down three due to irments of Spessard L. Holland orida, John J. Williams of elaware, and Stephen Young of

To United Methodist senators unt and won reelection last fall. e are James O. Eastland of ssippi and Paul J. Fannin of izna.

Roman Catholics moved ahead of ited Methodists in U.S. House of esentatives membership some ar ago, and last fall's election s extended that lead.

Tere are 116 (up 5) Roman tholics in the U.S. House of esentatives as compared with ited Methodists, the fewest in last 14 years. The five-member ne is the fourth such drop for ited Methodists since 1963.

Tn, or one fifth, of the nation's state governors are United Meth- ists. Next most numerous are an Catholics and Presbyterians tleight each.

Highest Councils Hear Concerns

United Methodism's three highest councils—Council of Bishops, Judicial Council, and Council of Secretaries—dealt recently in separate meetings with issues ranging from freedom of the pulpit to church union in North India.

Major attention was focused on such items as these:

Council of Bishops

The Council heard a three-man delegation from Black Methodists for Church Renewal (BMCR) express concern for freedom of the pulpit, freedom of ministries, and fear of a "trend toward repression."

Blacks want to help both black and white churchmen create a "climate for redemptive fellowship," the delegation said. They claimed, though, that even *The Book of Discipline* has potential for repressive actions and said BMCR would work at the 1972 General Conference for a change in legislation which now permits a minister to be deprived of his ministerial status without hearing or appeal.

In the BMCR delegation were the group's national chairman, the Rev. James M. Lawson of Memphis, Tenn.; its executive director, the Rev. Cain Felder of Atlanta, Ga., and a board member, the Rev. Edward Bell of Richmond, Calif.

The Council of Bishops in other action at its Portland, Oreg., meeting voted to name a seven-man committee to work toward a "peace emphasis" to be presented to the 1972 General Conference. One bishop said the emphasis will be designed primarily to reach and influence the local church.

The council welcomed its two newest members, Bishop Armin Haertel of the German Democratic Republic Area (East Germany) and Bishop Ole E. Borgen of the Northern Europe Area [see pictures pages 34-35] .

Judicial Council

The denomination's "Supreme Court," meeting in Pebble Beach, Calif., ruled that the 1972 General Conference must have 87 percent of its delegates from the former Methodist Church and 13 percent from the former Evangelical United Brethren Church. Thus paragraph 602 of the *Discipline* stipulating those percentages was held to apply through the 1972 session.

The Judicial Council placed tentatively on its docket an appeal from a vote by the Southern Asia Central Conference not to enter the new Church of North India. The appellant asks whether the vote was constitutional under church law.

The council asked for more information and said a decision could not be reached until the group's next meeting April 22-24, 1971, at St. Simon's Island, Ga.

(Within a month after the Judicial Council meeting the Church of North India went ahead with its scheduled inaugural service. The new church encompasses more than 500,000 members from six Protestant denominations, including Methodists related to British or Australian denominations. The United Methodist Central Conference which remains outside has some 600,000 members.)

Council of Secretaries

A joint committee from this council and from Project Equality will explore possible advantages of one common United Methodist membership in the national fair-employment organization. Most denominational general agencies, some annual conferences, and local churches are related to the organization's regional or state units.

The Council of Secretaries, meeting in Washington, D.C., also appointed itself as a body as members of the denomination's Continuing Co-ordinating Committee. Previously agency officials other than chief executives had served on the co-ordinating body.

INDIAN'S PRAYER 'THANKFUL' FOR STARVATION AND V.D.

A prayer with unusual point and potency enlivened one recent meeting in St. Paul, Minn.

It was offered by Clyde Bellecourt, executive director of the American Indian Movement (AIM), in a meeting of AIM leaders with St. Paul school principals.

"Dear Lord, we thank you for the poverty, starvation . . . and, oh yes, V.D.," his prayer stated.

It continued, "We thank you for 389 broken treaties . . . for extermination, termination, and assimilation of a proud and noble race . . . and we especially want to thank the churches for the spirited well-organized fund-raising drives using Indian people and their conditions as incentives for appeals."

Relief for East Pakistan, Optimism for Africa

While religious groups throughout the world continue to focus attention on East Pakistan relief efforts, a glance at other overseas areas reveals a decline of Methodism in Ceylon and in the number of North American Protestant missionaries, and a more hopeful comment by an African scholar that "Africa is probably one of the most religious continents in the world."

Initial relief efforts to East Pakistan following the cyclone and tidal wave which hit the area were hampered by inaccessibility to relief areas, lack of helicopters, and the small size of churches in the country, according to the head of the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (UMCOR), Dr. J. Harry Haines.

New U.S. citizen Helen Oleksy from Poland joins other newly naturalized Americans in reciting the Pledge of Allegiance during ceremonies honoring them at Chicago Temple (First United Methodist Church). Numerous receptions are held for new citizens at the temple, not far from the Federal Building in Chicago's famous Loop.

By early December UMCOR had airlifted 2 million water-purification tablets and 10,000 blankets and had shared costs of typhoid vaccine, a 200-bed field hospital sent by German churches, and a Norwegian team of five doctors and five nurses.

In addition UMCOR is co-operating in sending two Japanese experts to take charge of field operations. They are working with the East Pakistan Christian Council which is directing relief operations.

The Rev. Howard Greenwalt, associate general secretary of the United Methodist Program Council, urged local churches to take special offerings for East Pakistan relief in December and January.

Other religious groups rallying to aid the survivors include the Catholic Medical Mission Board, which sent a 43,700-pound shipment of medical supplies, and the Anglican Church of Canada, which sent $10,000. The Salvation Army sent an initial $25,000 and several relief teams to the disaster area.

In 1970 UMCOR funded programs in 51 countries. Among these was Peru which also received additional staff this January. Last September a two-year rehabilitation program was started there in which two engineers are setting up food-for-work projects involving rebuilding of irrigation canals destroyed in last spring's earthquake.

In Ceylon the problem seems to be the decline in Methodism over the last 15 years, according to the new president of the 25,000-member Methodist Church of Ceylon.

Only 28 percent of the Methodists attend worship regularly, noted the Rev. G. Denzil de Silva. He expressed concern that this faithful few seem content with Sunday worship, bazaars, festivals, and anniversaries and lack any further commitment to Christian living. He added that women's groups include the over-40 set, and said youth ministries are far from healthy.

The successor to the late Dr. D. T. Niles claimed the problem stems from the "ever-widening gap between life in the church and life in the world." If this downward trend is to be stopped, he said, the Christian faith "must be presented mo concretely amidst the hard realit of this changing world."

Also on the decline for the fi time since the 1930s is the numb of Protestant missionaries fr North America, according to t North American Protestant Min tries Overseas Directory. It list 33,289 missionaries in 1969– drop of 4 percent.

Showing an upward trend, ho ever, were contributions to overse ministries which reached a reco $354 million in 1969—up 9 perc from 1967.

United Methodists ranked fou in size of overseas staff with 1,3 First is the Southern Baptist Conv tion with 2,564, followed by Wycliffe Bible Translators w 1,762, and the Seventh-day Adve ists with 1,426.

Edward R. Dayton, editor of directory, said the statistics m the beginning of a radical char in the missionary movement. missionary of the 1980s, he p dicted, "is likely to be a trai rather than a preacher."

An indication of this came fr an African leader who recently co mented that "the missionary dic bring the idea of God to us. Go universally known in Africa."

Dr. John S. Mbiti, Angli clergyman and professor of t ology, noted that although th has been no formal doctrine writings, religion has spread fr tribe to tribe through myths, c monies, and other informal way

Of the 350 million people Africa, he said, about 150 mil are Muslim, 100 million Christi and 100 million adherents of tr tional African religions.

Dr. Mbiti noted many Afri traditions which parallel bibl ideas of religion. But they are pressed in ways reflecting Afri social and political structure. stead of saying God is omnisci for instance, one tribe says God long ears.

He told of a recent drought ing which religious leaders c together and reached the conclu that the region's troubles resu from immoral activities of youth

...CUS REMAINS BLACKS' ...ERRED VEHICLE

...hough o lorge contingent of ...d Methodists porticipoted in ...urth annuol Nationol Commit... ...f Block Churchmen (NCBC) ...ntion with several serving on ...s ond in other high-ronking ...sions, it seems that principal ...for block United Methodists ...remoin with the denomino... ...caucus—Block Methodists for ...h Renewol (BMCR).

...CR's executive director, the ...Cain Felder, told obout 200 ...United Methodists recently ...he "deoth-of-God" ideo of a ...eors ago did not help black ...ions. Mr. Felder soid that ...white theologions were usher... ...the ideo, "block faith wos ...ning in the midst of suffering" ...he block race "could not be ...by the bleached approach ...Gd."

...ecting the concept of block... ...separation, Mr. Felder did ...however, that the black ...must have a "separate ...da" from the white church. He ...that the totol-separation an... ...was not superficiol but inade... ...and that seporoting oneself ...The United Methodist Church ...mean seporation from a lot ...er more powerful institutions ...themselves ore predominont... ...ite.

...Felder, completing his second ...with BMCR, said he drew his ...sions from the fact that blacks ...less than .5 percent of the ...'s businesses.

...Felder also soid thot gripes ...the white man must no longer ...precedence. He soid BMCR ...to receive funds from the ...mination to empower black ...es to launch community pro... ...s. "We must move on," he ...d.

...anwhile, NCBC sought to ...ngthen ties among black ...es throughout the notion. It ...upon black churches of oll ...minations to unite with NCBC ...more meaningful black com... ...y.

...st heated omong NCBC de... ...was a motion pertoining to ...onsultation on Church Union ...). The motion suggested ...withdrow its participotion in ...), which hos included sending ...d guests to COCU meetings. ...motion wos defeated and o ...quent motion affirming NCBC's ...and collective support for all ...s presently involved in COCU ...adopted.

Fifteenth and latest national historic shrine of The United Methodist Church is Whitaker's Chapel near Enfield, N.C. As a place of worship the chapel dates to 1740. Its major claim to historic significance stems from an 1828 meeting at which the first annual conference of the former Methodist Protestant Church was organized. Prettily costumed outside the present structure constructed in 1850 are, from left, Susan Morrisette, Jane Forkes, and Alma Sykes.

In other action the 500 NCBC delegates:

- Voted a substontial increose in progrom budget for 1971, specially for block emergency situations.
- Sought greoter loy porticipotion in NCBC including women.
- Included five seminorions as official members of the group's 60-mon board of directors.
- Emphosized severol ospects of the block church including life-style, economic development, and urbon mission.

In addition to electing o new boord of directors, NCBC ogoin elected a black Methodist bishop os its heod. This time Bishop John Bright of the Africon Methodist Episcopal Church wos elected president for the three-yeor term. His predecessor wos Bishop Herbert B. Show of the Africon Methodist Episcopol-Zion Church.

YOUTH 'REEVALUATION' NOTED AS GIFT FACTOR

Reloting youth to church finance, Dr. R. Bryon Browner, United Methodism's general treasurer, recently said thot today's youths are reevoluating what constitutes success ond that the church needs to toke notice of them.

"If we foil to toke this reevaluation into account in our progromming, we will find our churches moinly sonctuaries for persons over 40," Dr. Browner odded.

Dr. Browner also mentioned on increasing movement toword supporting specific rather than generol couses in the church.

Reports indicote the denomination membership hod a loss of 117,850 from the previous yeor, plocing total membership ot 10,671,774.

Decreases olso were reported in three other cotegories including attendance at weekly worship services, down 140,000 to 3,853,703; church-school membership, down 327,000 to 5,924,464, and average church-school attendance, down 200,000 to 3,264,850.

Grand totol giving for oll church couses was $723,778,211. This wos up $38 million from the some period a year ago, but Dr. Brawner soid exact comparisons could not be made because of changes in fiscol years by onnuol conferences.

The Generol Board of Heolth and Welfore Ministries said the 334 agencies related to the board cared for 3,203,934 persons within 12 months, obout 325,000 more than o year earlier. The boord also noted thot the $10.7 million contributed directly to these facilities by locol churches ond onnuol conferences averoged obout $1 per member.

CENTURY CLUB

One of our new Century Club members, Mrs. Elizabeth Howson, was born on New Year's Day.

Mrs. J. C. Diggs, 100, Greenville, S.C.

Mrs. Ella Gunnerson, 100, Francesville, Ind.

Mrs. Elizabeth Howson, 101, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Mrs. Martha P. Walker, 100, Weston, Vt.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where a member and its location.

The African Church Matures

AFRICA TODAY is the continent of hope. This seems to me to be the one generalization that can be made about this continent made up of 29 independent countries, each in many ways different from all the rest.

A second general affirmation is that Africa today is the continent of anxiety. Independence came with astonishing rapidity and was almost everywhere greeted with immense enthusiasm. It was supposed that *uhuru* would of itself supply a solution to every problem: social, political, or economic. Africa has learned all too quickly that this is not so.

In the Southern Sudan normal life seems to have come almost completely to an end. Chad is carrying on a major civil war. Biafra has left wounds which it will take several generations to heal. The Republic of Guinea has expelled all foreigners engaged in religious activities, including Africans from other countries.

The situation in Rhodesia is far worse than when I was there about four years ago. Then it seemed to me that 70 percent of the whites and 70 percent of the blacks were moderates and that it ought not to be too difficult to arrive at an honorable solution. Today I doubt whether it would be possible to find 10 percent of moderates on either side.

As for South Africa, in my more pessimistic moments I feel that we are watching the creation of a white dominion south of the Zambezi which could well last for a thousand years.

But I must not draw too lugubrious a picture. Africans are better aware of all these problems than we are. They are a serious but not a depressed people. They still have confidence in the future; they still believe that there are great things to be done.

One of the most interesting signs of the times is the return of the educated African to the churches. During the time of political tension the great majority of such persons had become alienated from the churches. Now, having discovered that *uhuru* without some spiritual principle simply does not work, they have become convinced that the churches still have something to offer.

I seem to note, however, a considerable difference in viewpoint between the over-thirties and the under-thirties. My young African friends seem to take independence quite for granted and to be happy to think internationally. They are quite used to the international teams sent by such bodies as the World Health Organization. If the churches also like to work internationally, they reason, what is wrong with that? Is it really an irreparable disaster that the gospel was brought to their fathers by white men? But older people are still afraid that if they let the foreigner in again he will soon be managing them.

The younger Africans seem to feel quite confident of their ability to manage the foreigner! And why not? If it means no more than the assertion of the right of Africans to make sure that their judgment prevails in all matters affecting their own countries, what has the foreigner to object to?

One sign of maturity is that Africans are now prepared to be criticized by those whom they regard as their friends. I have the feeling that the younger people dislike the visitor who is sure that the black man is always right as much as they used to dislike the visitor who took it for granted that the black man was always wrong.

I was a little taken aback not long ago when an older African leader, when asked what kind of missionaries the churches in Africa want today, replied, "Those who will lay their bones here." This is a surprising statement in light of the fact that Africa has suffered so much in the past from missionaries who stayed on too long and would not relinquish any part of their authority. I think it shows on the part of this wise old African leader a confidence in the capacity of the African today to stand up to the white man. It also reveals a recognition of the immense debt that Africa has owed to the men and women who have come to love Africa and its people so much that in the end they had no other home.

My friends in Rhodesia are weary of the pious resolutions which serve no other purpose than that of quieting the consciences of those who are not prepared to go and stand with them in the front-line trenches of the cause of Christ. They feel themselves abandoned and betrayed. They want help. But they can receive it only from those who are prepared to work for long-term and not for short-term objectives.

In 1963 I wrote in my *History of Christian Missions* that "on the most sober estimate, the Christian is reasonably entitled to think that by the end of the 20th century Africa south of the Sahara will be in the main a Christian continent." I see no reason to withdraw from this opinion. But this expansion will not come about automatically or of itself. It depends on the action of the churches in the remaining 30 years of the century.

I like the younger generation of the present day. I like its independence and forthrightness. But I find myself asking whether that generation has the gifts that are most needed in Africa today—immense patience and self-control, willingness to work for long-term objectives without expecting quick results, the humility that will not get angry in the face of unjustified criticism, the readiness to accept defeat in the confidence that defeat itself can serve as a preparation for ultimate victory.

These are the great tasks which we of the older generation must now hand over to them, and which they must accomplish in fellowship with their opposite numbers in all of the younger churches of the world.

—Bishop Stephen Neill
University College, Nairobi

This article is an Interchurch Feature originated by *The United Church Observer* (United Church of Canada), Toronto, Canada.
—Your Editors

When You Have Trouble Relating to God

By L. MACK POWELL

"GOD DOESN'T seem real. I can't get through to him. He's so far away I can't feel his presence."

Haven't all of us made these statements? We have tried to contact him, but we couldn't do it, and we felt all alone, unrelated, and without the assurance of God's realness.

Jesus felt that way, too. You remember how on the cross he cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Maybe there are times when you have worked very hard at praying, reading Scripture, and every other means to cultivate his closeness, but to no avail. And you wondered why.

Have you berated yourself? Felt it was due to something you had failed to do? Told yourself you had not prayed hard enough, or had not earnestly sought him?

This self-punitiveness does not help either. It usually builds up personal guilt and probably removes us even farther from God.

It is not necessarily our fault, though. From my experience with persons having trouble relating to God, I have discovered it is often due to painful, hurtful life experiences they have known and forgotten. From the unconscious area of their lives, they harbor unresolved feelings which block them from communicating with God.

I have seen this many times in the lives of people with whom I have worked. They were having trouble relating to God, feeling close to him, knowing the realness of his presence. And the trouble stemmed from unrecognized or denied feelings in their lives.

I remember an inmate in a reformatory where I was a student chaplain. Jim, we'll call him, came to the chaplain's office one day while I was there.

When asked about his problem, he said, "I'm having trouble praying the Lord's Prayer." He explained that when he started to say the words "Our Father," he was only about to utter, "Our Fa—" and then he would choke up. The other words would not come out.

As I counseled Jim over a long period, seeing him once a week, I learned a lot about his life. He had been reared in a Chicago slum. His father was an alcoholic who would come home drunk and beat him.

Jim told me he would run to the neighbors for help. But all he could say was, "My fa—" and he could not tell what happened.

As Jim explained this, I knew his problem with the Lord's Prayer resulted from this relationship with his father. He was transferring the feelings which he had toward his earthly father to God. His deeply buried anger and fear of his earthly father blocked him from entering into a close relationship with his heavenly Father. It kept him from praying the Lord's Prayer.

In counseling Jim, I also came to symbolize a father for I was a person in authority. Somehow I was able to be an accepting and loving father figure—something he

had never known. In the relationship I offered him, he was able to face his denied anger toward his own father.

After working through his fear and anger, resolving these feelings so that they were no longer denied or repressed, Jim then was able to pray the Lord's Prayer. It gave him a feeling of relief, and God was more real to him than ever before.

Another example was Linda, a student in my class at the University of Oklahoma. One day Linda asked to talk with me. "Are you a minister as well as an instructor?" she asked.

"Yes, I am," I told her, "even though I don't serve a parish."

Appearing very sad and deeply bothered, she said, "Maybe you can help me with a religious problem. I can't pray to God. I pray to my brother instead."

"What about your brother?" I asked.

"He killed himself," she explained, breaking into tears. She cried her heart out, and I almost cried with her. Then she told the story: "My brother and I were very close; he meant so much to me. He was such a happy person. I never knew he was bothered about anything."

She told about the suicide. "John had been to see a professional football game. When he came home, he got his gun and told Marian, his wife, he was going to do it. She went next door and got one of his friends to come over.

"The friend tried to talk with John, and he seemed to respond. But, after a few minutes John went over to the organ and played a song we used to play together. When he finished, he picked up the gun and shot himself."

But that was not the only sorrow Linda had known. A year after her brother's death her best girl friend, Jane, died in childbirth. After relating this to me, she explained how she had gone to the funeral, then home to visit Jane's husband and to see the baby.

She said, "As I looked at the baby I couldn't stand it, knowing the baby would never know her mother and what a wonderful person she was."

Linda added, "I remember how as girls Jane and I talked about getting married and how we wanted children. She would have been such a good mother."

I told Linda, "I can certainly see why you can't pray to God."

"But why?" she asked.

"I believe you are angry with God."

"But we're not supposed to be angry with God," she said.

"Yes, I know," I answered, "but there are times when we are put out with him, whether we are supposed to be or not. When we lose persons who are as dear and near as those you have lost, I think it's natural to feel angered."

Linda's feelings toward God are typical. We do not want to have negative feelings toward him, but we do. Sometimes we have such a small view of God we cannot understand that he is big enough to take our anger.

Linda was expressing her anger toward God by ignoring him, by not being able to pray to him. She was acting as though he did not exist, and this was a form of anger.

I explained that God, through Christ, did accept man's anger on the cross. God showed through Christ that he could tolerate our hostilities. Jesus looked down upon those who crucified him and said, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Linda began to accept her negative feelings toward God. I am convinced that when we are having trouble relating to God, it is because of life-experiences such as Linda's and Jim's. These experiences can block us from feeling close to him. They keep us from being inwardly certain of his presence and cause us to be walled off so that we cannot feel his existence.

A person having trouble in relating to God ought not to work so hard at trying to find him. He should instead take it easy, or as the Scripture says, "Be still and know that I am God."

Through a quiet kind of confidence in waiting on him (not making ourselves feel guilty or thinking it's something we've failed to do), we can find assurance of God's realness.

Above all things, we ought to analyze our lives. We should consider those pained experiences in life relations which have caused denial of real feelings like anger, hurt, and guilt. Once we have discovered them, we ought to look for an understanding person who can feel with us and help us work through our feelings.

After we have recognized our hidden feelings, we should lift them up to God. We can say, "God, this is the way I feel. I'm not making any excuses; I'm not going to hide from these feelings. This is me and it's the way I am. Help me to feel closer to you and to know the joy of your presence."

If we can do this, I'm certain it can help us in our communication with God. □

FAITH

By Othelia Lilly

Here is the silent
acorn full
of trunk and limbs,
an oak to come,
the seed from which
a forest leaps,
where winds of distant
countries hum;
the song-filled egg
in a hidden nest,
where liquid slowly
turns to wing,
the embryo of flocks in flight
along far gales
that shout, that sing!

THE LETTER arrived in March just as the winter slush was melting. Our daughter, a college sophomore in an eastern school, wrote about spring vacation:

"I was wondering if I could bring Jim home for a few days. He's the one I met at fall homecoming weekend—the medical student. He's anxious to meet you and I want you to know him. I hope you'll say it's okay."

Jim Miller, a noncommittal name that made it hard to tell: Was he Jewish? Was he one of us?

Susan knew what our answer would be. If she wanted to bring him home, of course it was all right.

Spring vacation was to begin on the feast of Passover, a holiday we celebrate with our close relatives. There are weeks of preparation, decorating the house and assembling the holiday foods, unleavened bread to remind us of the hardships of our forefathers in Egypt and the ceremonial plate for the master of the house. It was on Good Friday that year.

Red tulips in a pewter bowl were on the foyer chest. Forsythia forced into early bloom made a simple Japanese design on the fireplace mantle. The house brimmed with happiness and love.

The doorbell rang and there was Susan, brown eyed and bubbling, beside her a slim young man with hazel eyes and brown hair and a Bob Hope nose. This was Jim Miller, then, the boy she wanted us to know. It was as obvious as the look in their eyes—he was a Christian . . .

Susan and Jim slipped into their chairs at the Seder table and took up their Haggadas, the books with the Passover story. In our house it is the custom for each guest to read a portion aloud. Each year the children hear the story anew; each year the imprint of Judaism burns a little deeper. Each year their faith is reaffirmed. Or so we thought.

Dinner over and relatives departed, we sat down to talk with Susan and Jim. He was of English-French

Susan was in love with a fine young man. But he was a Christian, she was a Jew. It took agonizing months for her mother to unlearn the learnings of half a lifetime before the two families discovered they were . . .

Jim and Susan's People

By MARY FISHER

ancestry. His mother led the church choir, his brother and sister sang in it. They were practicing Christians, plain, unworldly. Susan and Jim lost no time in telling us what, to them, was the only important part. They were in love. They wanted to be married.

That night, after the two of them had retreated to their rooms, my husband and I talked alone. Jim was a fine young man and an intelligent one, top of his class, sensitive yet strong. Above all, he was deeply in love with Susan.

Well, I had been in love once, twice, maybe three times. Today I could hardly remember their names. This episode of Susan's, too, would go away. We would erect no roadblocks; that was certain to drive them closer. We would not forbid; we would wait and see.

All through spring vacation we watched Susan glowing and happy with Jim at her side. She sent out the signal for an open house and all her high-school buddies, college people now, came to sprawl around in slacks and sweaters, playing records, picking at guitars. Jim was a different kind of stranger in that close-knit group. He was not the only Christian in the house; he was the only Christian in love with Sue.

Vacation over, they returned to their schools. When I kissed my daughter good-bye, a veil of frost seemed to hang between us. Soon all her letters were filled with Jim and his family who lived in her college town. She had spent the weekend with them on their family farm where they had a taffy pull. Sunday morning she went to church with them. It was interesting, she said; their values were so different from the ones that prevailed in our sophisticated suburb. There was nothing slick or shiny about these people. To her they were real; to me they were out of the question.

When summer approached, Susan told us that Jim would take a job at a pharmaceutical house in our area. The experience would be invaluable, he thought, in his medical-school work. Unspoken was the fact that he would be here near Sue, pounding home the truth that their future was a *fait accompli*. There was no way around it. My husband reminded me: don't offer any resistance. Maybe when they see each other constantly, their differences will become apparent to them, too. Agreed.

During that endless summer I began to have tension headaches. I swallowed tranquilizers along with all the things I wanted to say. Still, my real feelings managed to break out, as ugly and obvious as fever blisters.

Self-doubt made its appearance. Where had we failed with Susan? Then came guilt. Were we pretending to be without prejudice through all those years when we welcomed girls and boys of all faiths?

THAT summer was a steamy nightmare of brittle nerve ends and undigested meals. There was the day our neighbors were celebrating their parents' golden anniversary at a lawn party. From back of their house we heard a warm familiar song, a special-occasion Yiddish song of welcome.

Lomir alle in einem in einem trinken a glezele wein.
Lomir alle in einem in einem lustig und frelich sein.

Susan and Jim looked quizzical. Susan appeared to be thinking, "What are they singing—Swahili?"

I realized then that we had begun to lose our daughter; slowly but inexorably the separation continued. Back on the campus again that fall she wrote briefly to say that she would be spending Thanksgiving at the Millers' farm, a real Thanksgiving with all the trimmings, even church, like the Pilgrims had it. We had always thought that Thanksgivings here were real, without church, like the Jews had it.

This was the final blow. My performance, poor as it had been, ended that day. Susan would stop this madness, I told my husband, or she was finished at that school. On the phone that night I laid it on the line; she would start dating other boys or she could plan to transfer to another school. She promised to date a boy from Buffalo who had been dogging her, a nice, Jewish boy whose father owned the largest container plant in the area, she added with an almost perceptible sneer.

After that she did not mention Jim; the letters grew short, then few, and finally they all but stopped. At Christmas she came home sick with viral pneumonia. Jim was here, sitting beside her bed throughout the whole vacation, feeding her antibiotics and encouragement. I went around the house stone-faced, never venturing upstairs. Susan didn't seem to want me there.

For the first time in nearly 20 years we had nothing to say to each other. I had lost my respect for her; she was choosing the easy way out, ignoring the Sabbath admonition, "Behold! A good doctrine has been given you. Forsake it not."

Before returning to school, a convalescent Susan, pale and drawn, announced that she and Jim wanted to go to temple with us on Friday night. From the way she said it, she might as well have been suggesting a visit to the Museum of Science and Industry. But near the end of the Reform service a curious thing happened.

Jim belted out the closing hymn in a firm baritone over and above the reluctant voices of the rest of us. Later I asked him how he happened to know the words.

"We sing it in our church," he said. "The benediction is the same, too."

I began to understand that the boy who loved our daughter communicated with God in some of the same ways that we communicated with Him. My steel resolve against the young man grew thin.

Susan and Jim left for their respective schools at the start of a blizzard. It was 3 a.m. when Susan found the Millers waiting for her at the airport.

She wrote, "I felt like a dog. They'd been sitting there three hours. Jim had told them I'd been sick and they'd wanted me to get right back to the dorm without standing around, trying to get a taxi. Mrs. Miller said the campus was snowed in; we couldn't even drive through town to get there, so they wrapped me in a blanket and took me to their house.

"She made me some hot milk with a dollop of butter and honey. Funny, I always thought that was a 'Jewish mother' thing to do. I was trapped there for three days; no classes, luckily. The whole city was stopped in its tracks. We had plenty of time to talk.

"You see, Mom and Dad, they love me and want me for Jim, but they think we must not turn away from the church and/or the temple. Mrs. Miller is perfectly agreeable to a Jewish ceremony if it will please us. As she put it, we are all talking to the same God, though we might have different ways of getting through."

We agreed that they would marry the next summer.

It was obvious that nothing was going to change. Once I let myself accept this, Jim seemed to change. I saw for the first time that he had dimples. While I prepared dinner he hung around the kitchen now, telling me about his work. He helped with the screens and cut the grass. And most of all he studied. His eyes were soft green and sleepy when he took off his horn-rims. More relaxed with me now, he looked like a small boy instead of a third-year medical student, Phi Beta Kappa at that.

Presently, armed with Amy Vanderbilt's bible on protocol, I was deep in the wedding arrangements, struggling with the caterer, the florist, the engraver, the musicians, and the guest list, an incongruous roster of Levins, DuQuesnes, Schwartzes, Brysons. Twenty-six of the "names" would be coming from the Millers' side, driving in a kind of caravan to our home for a garden wedding.

ON THE night before the wedding we met for dinner in a private room of a charming little inn nearby. There was an instant of restraint, but only an instant. After we took our blinders off, we discovered the mutual hunger to like each other and to be liked in return.

Jim's 85-year-old grandfather, once a carpenter, sat with my mother, the 80-year-old widow of a manufacturing executive. With their strict religious backgrounds these two understandably could have been uneasy at this unconventional alliance. Instead they found an instant rapport. The younger guests talked about their schools; new mothers from both families pulled out pictures of their babies. By the time the last cigar had been smoked and the last family story exhumed for the new audience, we knew that this had been a triumph of a party. We were no longer separate Christians and separate Jews; we were Jim and Susan's people and we liked it that way.

The wedding day turned out hot and muggy and the inside of the marquee was like a sauna bath. Presently Jim's family began to arrive, quietly and simply dressed, a little awed perhaps by the surroundings.

I swallowed hard when Susan, incandescent in the late summer sun, appeared with her father.

We heard the rabbi say: "Above all, I hope you will always remember that marriage is more than a wedding service. Neither I nor anyone else can marry you to each other; you will marry yourselves as you knit together with patience, sympathy, and consideration. True marriage always must be a constant process of growth, knowledge, and skill even in love. May you establish a true home of religious values and ideals, a home filled with the spirit of faith, of truth, and the reverence of God."

When it was over and the furtive tears were brushed away, I heard Jim's grandpa confiding to my mother, "You know that was a mighty fine service. Not a word of nonsense in the entire thing."

It had taken me half a lifetime to learn to be a bigot. On that summer afternoon, I began unlearning a lot of things I thought I knew. □

This article is not intended as uncritical encouragement for interfaith marriage, nor does it propose to minimize differences between religious beliefs. It is published to show how a person confronted with an existing interfaith relationship struggled with her feelings until she was able to overcome unreasoning prejudice and to develop acceptance of persons whose religious beliefs differed from her own.—Your Editors

FORGIVE!

By Michaela Heidrich

Reluctantly, I sit in front
On the unwanted, sideways seat
Of the bus.
I watch ahead, to help the driver drive,
With my personal
And totally imaginary brakes.
At a "STOP," I note we stop,
My brakes full on.
I keep my eyes ahead to see
How we shall get back into the traffic lane.
A sudden pain goes through my foot.
My anger rises instantly.
Who is it steps on me?
What slob woman's pointed heel?

God forgive me for my clumsy foot
Which makes a stumbling block
For the only eyes the blind man has,
His cane!
"Here, Sir!" I say,
And guide him by his arm
Into my seat.
I stand,
And let the driver drive the bus.

'All This She Has Given Me...'

By PEGGY DRINKWATER

I've really done it this time—
I've done what they've said not to—
  I'm emotionally involved.
Heaven knows I didn't want it to happen!
It just did.
  I had no control over it.

Her name came up on my assignment sheet
  And that started it.
I saw her lying there—each motion an effort,
Each breath proclaiming that it would be her last.
They said,
  "What a pity."
  "A terminal case."
  "She's so young."
And there I stood looking at this piece of humanity,
And wondering what in God's name I could do.

There I was with what I felt constituted a strong
  will to live—
  My will to live was a mere drop in the bucket
  compared to hers—
And what I did for her could never compare
  to what she's done for me.
So I began my day—
  I bathed her,
    Fluffed her pillows,
      Changed her position,
        Rubbed her back,
  Ran to the kitchen for Jello,
                or ginger ale,
                or ice cream.

I took her temperature;
I gave her medications;
  I checked her oxygen, her I.V., her catheter,
  I wiped her brow—
  I talked to her—
  I prayed with her—
  I prayed for her—.

Notes charted:
  Accurate Intake and Output.
  I.V. rate adjusted.
  Vital signs every two hours.

And all this time she lay there—
And she talked about
  the weather,
    the soon-coming spring,
      her home,
        her only grandchild she had seen
          for the first time at Christmas.

Her pulse now racing so fast I can't count it—
Her urine is red,
Her color is a blue-brown.
And yet she lay there
Never smiling,
But she never frowned.

Only once, after the priest had given her last rites,
Did I see a single, solitary tear roll down her cheek.
And even though I counted her respirations,
And even though they were still the same,
I could swear she breathed easier—
for a time.

And so the day progressed—
I watched, I waited, and, God forgive me,
I even hoped.

But always as I stood at the foot of her bed
She would open her eyes and say, "Hello."
I racked my brain to do something more,
I put a drop of perfume behind each ear
And brushed her hair;
I got a sheepskin for her back.
I put her get-well cards on the wall
with masking tape
So no one could complain that it
would pull the paint off the wall.

I've always believed that God grants each of us life
Because he has a purpose for us to fulfill
And when we have completed his task
he grants us the Eternal Reward.

I know very little about her personal history;
(Why are charts so vague?)
And yet, if I were to judge what her task in life
might be,
It would have to be
her faith, her perseverance, her unfailing clutch at life.

All this she has given to me:
A shame for so little faith;
A hope—for nothing is impossible;
An acceptance of the inevitable.

She said, "Yes," to my offer for her narcotic,
And I plunged the needle into her pincushion buttocks.
She looked at me and asked,
"Will you stay with me 'til it takes effect?"
"Of course," I smiled. "Just lie back and rest—
I'll be right here."
And I was.

I left a half hour later to finish some charting,
Pour my afternoon meds,
Check on other patients.
A buzzer rang and off I went.
It was a simple task and quickly completed:
A "Thanks a lot" from him,
A "Think nothing of it" from me.

I walked down the hall
And another light flashed;
Another simple task—and easily accomplished.

I took a patient to X ray
and another to physical therapy;
I joked with an ambulatory patient,
And asked a classmate about last night's date.

I walked down the hall to her room for another
quick peek,
And in the doorway I stopped . . .
I pushed the buzzer by her side—
"Can I help you?" asked the speaker.
"Send the head nurse in here, will you please?" I
returned in a voice so calm it startled me.

Do you know what I thought about
in those few minutes that I waited?
About the time my best friend moved away
and when my dog died, and when our Lord said,
"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst
after righteousness: For they shall be filled."

I'm leaving the room now.
I've washed her face—brushed her hair—and
changed her gown.
Evening shift said they'd watch for her husband
and her teen-age daughter.

I'll go to the residence now and work on
the bibliographies for class tomorrow,
my care plan for Monday,
the yearbook for next month's deadline.

I haven't cried yet, but I can feel it coming;
perhaps tonight
in the solitude of my room . . .

Tomorrow there will be another name on my assignment,
another person to meet and know.
But I shall always remember
her silent courage,
her unfailing endurance,
her final, almost radiant content.

Across the Okavango Swamps from her post at Maun, Nurse Pat Hollamby discusses possibility of a co-operative hospital at Shakawe, northwest Botswana, with Dr. Marshall Murphree (left), United Methodist missionary of Rhodesia, and Dr. Juel Nordby (back to camera), the United Methodist Board of Missions secretary for Central and Southern Africa.

Botswana:

African Methodism's New Mission

TAKE A bird's-eye view of the Republic of Botswana, a landlocked country larger than France, near the southern tip of Africa.

Watch the great game herds wandering wild across endless plains.

Stand in the vast Makarikari Salt Pan and watch the last drops of a once-mighty river boil away; or, above the white horizon, see sand storms of the Kalahari Desert billowing to shroud a merciless sun.

Far to the northwest, unbelievably, a river begins to flood under a rainless sky; it flows out of Angola's mountains, bringing life to one corner of Botswana during the long dry season. Here are the Okavango Swamps, home of crocodile, hippo, and python, as most parts of the country are home of elephant, impala, leopard, cheetah, and scores of other animals.

Call this one of the world's most underdeveloped countries—or one not yet completely spoiled by man and his machines. Call it what you will, but listen now to the cries of a woman dying in childbirth.

One who listens is a slender young woman with blue eyes and dark hair. She sits at the wheel of a Land Rover speeding ahead of a cloud of dust on a sandy, roadless landscape. She is a missionary maternity nurse, and her name is Pat Hollamby.

A woman's husband arrives on horse-

back to say that his wife has been in labor for four days. He would have made the 50 miles earlier, he says, had not his horse refused to cross the river at night. He had waited several hours for daylight.

"I managed to make it across the river in the Land Rover," Miss Hollamby said, "but sometimes it is necessary to wade, or go across by canoe.

"On one occasion I had been hospitalized the week before, so I wasn't up to the three-mile walk after we had crossed the river. The woman had delivered at home but was in such poor condition that she had started out, with the help of others, for our maternity center at Maun. She collapsed on the way, and we found her unconscious under a thorn tree. We had to carry her on a plank over those miles.

"We did get her back to Maun, and then had to find enough blood donors to save her. After three days she rallied...Last year we delivered almost 700 babies."

One baby arrived in the arms of an elderly grandmother who had walked many miles. The infant weighed barely three pounds, its mother dying in childbirth.

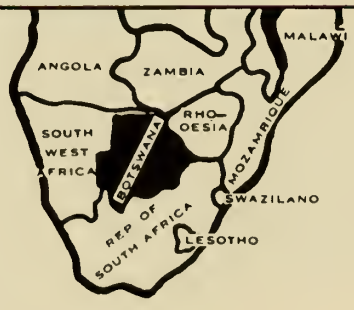
"The grandmother stayed on at our maternity hospital for many weeks learning to use the powdered-milk formula until the baby weighed seven pounds. We continued taking powdered milk on the weekly flights we make on the Wenela Mining Company plane to the clinic at Shakawe."

Unusual? Not at all—not for Pat Hollamby who frequently has been called out six or seven times a night on her missions of mercy, and then stays busy throughout the following day. She is an English woman, trained in London and Wales, who is serving her second five-year term with the United Congregational Church of Southern Africa. The work she and others (all too few) have been doing recently brought the co-operation of United Methodism's Africa Central Conference.

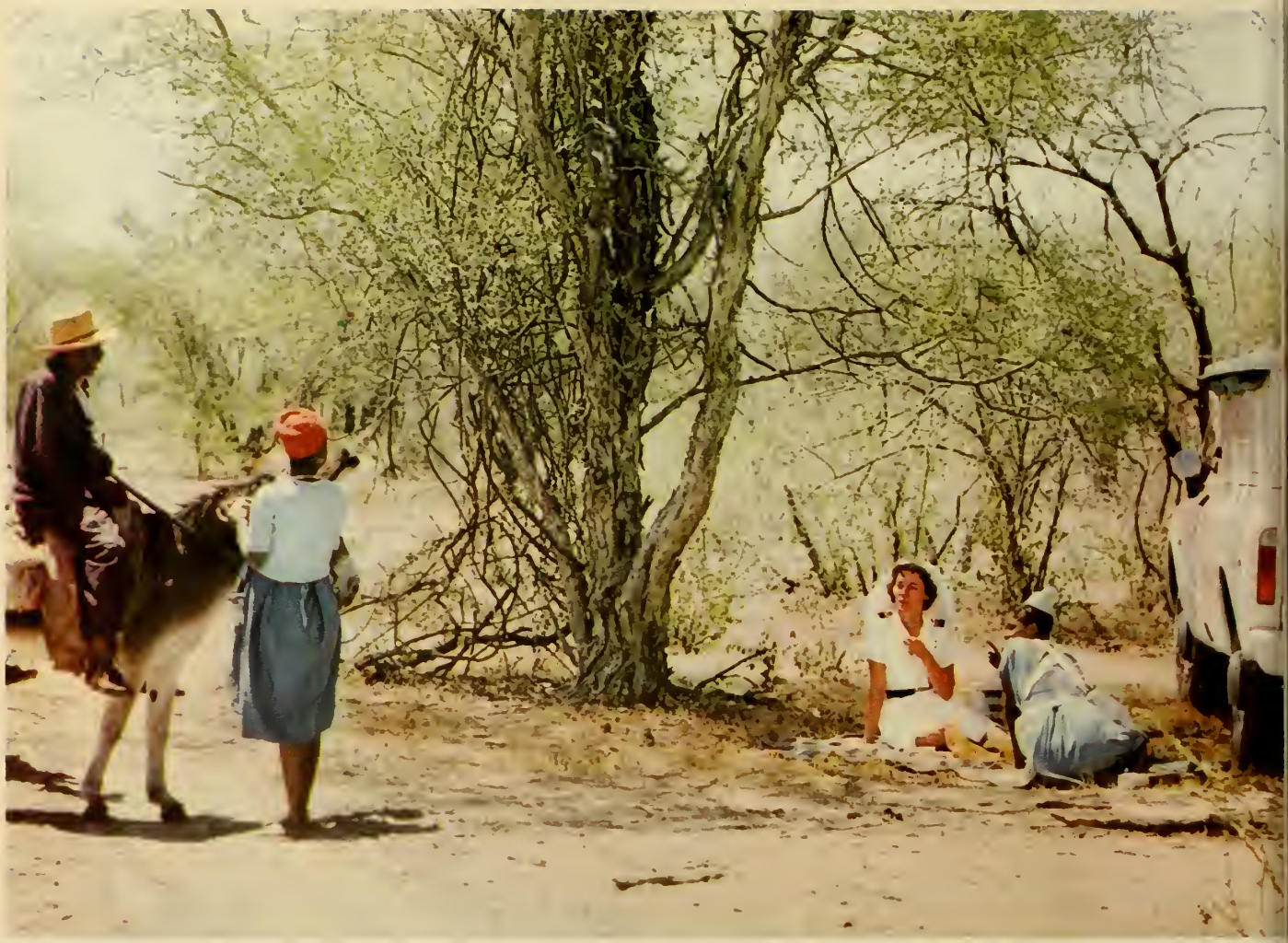
Now United Methodist help is on the way, not only from surrounding African countries but also from America.

Already the church has opened a high school across the river from the Maun maternity center. African women of The United Methodist Church in Rhodesia have pledged $560 a year for the center, and are recruiting a nurse to work with Pat. Illinois United Methodists have purchased a $24,000 airplane to fly on medical missions.

Thus Botswana has become a "land of decision," the newest and 54th nation served by the outreach of United Methodism. It is the first time the African church has entered a new field since work in the



When the hot, powdery sands of Botswana stall her Land Rover or truck, Nurse Hollamby sets out with the best means available—in this case a donkey she has borrowed from a villager. "I started home through scrub country," she says, "the donkey's feet sending up puffs of gray sand in the heat."



southern Congo began around 1914. And for the first time the church in Africa has taken upon itself a significant share of a work project outside its own annual conferences.

So look at Botswana's land and its people. Look at the overcrowded, understaffed maternity hospital where every ancient nook and cranny is used. Here are three babies in one bed. Look at the premature twins, weighing two pounds each, that must be fed every two hours by stomach tube if they are to survive.

"We desperately need electric incubators," says Pat. "Our premature ward never is empty and we have as many as 13 or 14 babies at a time."

Meanwhile, the inadequate hospital at Maun is the only medical facility of its kind in the northwest Botswana area; and the high school recently built by African Methodists is the only one for hundreds of miles around. *—Herman B. Teeter*

Pat Hollamby's life is more than a busy one is strenuous. She regularly visits outpost cli that are little more than grass-roofed, re walled huts, and often she works many l hours without sleeping. The recent arrival Cessna 180 plane, gift of United Methodist Illinois, is helping carry on the Botswana m ical mission now strengthened by the co-o ation of other United Methodists in Afr

Bishops of a World Church

2. Bishop Ole E. Borgen
Northern Europe Area
Stockholm, Sweden

3. Bishop C. Ernst Sommer
Frankfurt Area
Frankfurt, Germany

8. Bishop W. Maynard Spark
Sierra Leone
Seattle, Washington

1. Bishop Federico Pagura
Panama-Costa Rica
Alajuela, Costa Rica

11. Bishop S. Trowen Nagbe, S
Monrovia Area
Monrovia, Liberia

15. Bishop John
Cong
Luluabou

Although numerically strongest in the United States, The United Methodist Church is a world church. Pictured here are the 19 bishops who lead the denomination outside the U.S. Most are native to the areas they serve (shown in red), and except for two Americans appointed by the Council of Bishops, all were chosen by the people they lead. United Methodism is related also to autonomous churches in the lands shown in green. These are churches whose heritage is in United Methodism or one of its predecessors, and they retain special ties with the "mother church." Space limitations prevent our showing the many other nations where our church supports ecumenical efforts and where other branches of Methodism—in the United States, Great Britain, Australia—are represented.

—Your Editors

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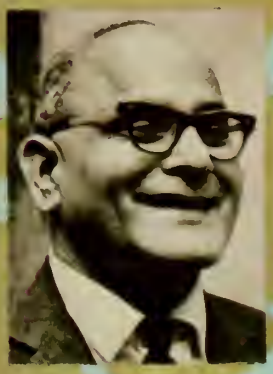
4. Bishop Franz W. Schaefer
Geneva Area
Zurich, Switzerland

5. Bishop Armin Haertel
East Germany Area
Aue, German Dem. Republic

6. Bishop A. J. Shaw
Delhi Area
Delhi, India

7. Bishop Eric A. Mitchell
Hyderabad Area
Hyderabad, A.P., India



9. Bishop R. D. Joshi
Bombay Area
Bombay, India

10. Bishop T. Otto Nall
Hong Kong-Taiwan Area
Kowloon, Hong Kong

12. Bishop Joseph R. Lance
Lucknow Area
Lucknow, U.P., India

13. Bishop John V. Samuel
Pakistan Area
Multan, West Pakistan
(Scheduled for autonomy in late 1970)

14. Bishop Paul L. A. Granadosin
Baguio Area
Baguio City, Philippines

16. Bishop Harry P. Andreassen
Angola Area
Luanda, Angola

17. Bishop Abel T. Muzorewa
Rhodesia Area
Salisbury, Rhodesia

18. Bishop Escrivao A. Zunguze
Mozambique Area
Lourenco Marques, Mozambique

19. Bishop Cornelio M. Ferrer
Manila Area
Manila, Philippines

Night classes are attended by almost half of the 2,500 Brazilian students enrolled at Instituto Americano de Lins.

They Learn By Doing

In Brazil, a Methodist-related secondary school founded 43 years ago by an American missionary has turned out thousands of students ready to take places in their country's trade, business, and commercial world.

LINS, A BRAZILIAN city of some 50,000 in the Sao Paulo region of South America, claims the distinction of having the only one-syllable name in that country. Also, with a certain amount of civic pride, it boasts the world's deepest artesian well.

Of more significance, however, is the city's role as home for an unusual Methodist-related school tailored to fit the growing needs of a growing nation. While not exactly unique, Brazilian Methodism's Instituto Americano de Lins approaches learning in many fields from a strictly practical stance. Long ago, conventional teaching methods were abandoned at the school founded in 1928 by a Methodist missionary from Georgia.

When Clement E. Hubbard arrived in 1928, Lins

Dentistry, electronics, and Portuguese-language studies indicate the variety offered in the Methodist-related school. The dental clinic (above) is open to all, and patients pay only for materials used. In the audio-visual department (lower left) a student of radio also learns to assemble circuits. In language classes (right) stress is on speaking experience rather than theory.

Although student fees are the main source of income, more than 700 youngsters receive partial or full scholarships with the help of government agencies, labor groups, and industries. Three farms totaling 1,640 acres provide additional income, plus meat, milk, and vegetables for the school's dormitories.

was a struggling eight-year-old municipal government. Today, in the rich coffee-cattle country northwest of Sao Paulo, it flourishes in the midst of one of the strong centers of the Brazilian Methodist Church, autonomous since 1930.

Because of the rapid growth of cities within 300 miles of the Atlantic Coast (while Brazil's vast interior remains virtually empty), facilities for schooling, medical care, housing, electric power, transportation, and communications have long been overburdened. As these needs have increased, so has the growth of the school. From classes in the Hubbard living room, the institution has moved to a modern campus, outgrowing in the meanwhile a series of warehouses and sheds. Today, with almost 2,500 students, it is one of the largest Methodist-related schools in Brazil.

Since Mr. Hubbard's retirement in 1958, the school has continued to grow. The founder became an honorary citizen, and a Lins avenue now bears his name.

Says the Rev. Warren C. Wofford of Inman, S.C., a United Methodist missionary on the staff:

"Instituto Americano has led the way in this region for dynamic teaching, laboratories, teaching aids, audio-visual materials, and new methods which bring the student more and more into the whole educational picture as an active agent and participant in the learning situation.

"Technical and terminal courses on the secondary level are being emphasized. Traditionally, the Brazilian secondary school has interpreted its role as being a stepping-stone for higher education. As a result, thousands of young people finished a secondary school that prepared them for nothing except for a university they couldn't afford or couldn't get into.

"For example, we have a commercial school that prepares the graduate for work in an office or in a business establishment. We have a normal school that prepares the graduate for teaching, a course in electricity that prepares trained electrical technicians, and a course in dentistry which enables one to work in this field without completing the university level course."

In the dental clinic, more than 8,000 patients a year are treated by advanced students who are carefully supervised by the teaching staff. Patients pay only the cost of materials and medicines used.

Students in the commercial school "live" the type of problems they can expect to encounter in the business world. "In the run of an ordinary day," says Mr. Wofford, "we are called upon to make a number of decisions involving a knowledge of business and accounting matters. Purely academic courses in schools don't always prepare a man for this task. Even a graduate might become perplexed and confused in the mass of papers and documents that confronts an ordinary citizen during a normal business day."

Under this system, the institute classrooms hardly resemble ordinary ones; rather, they look more like business or dental offices, assembly lines, stores, or repair shops.

While the school is a project of the Methodist Church of Brazil, working with the Brazilian Ministry of Education, co-operation with the church in the United States is maintained through a Central Council consisting of 12 Brazilians and 12 missionaries. This body sends to the Board of Missions of The United Methodist Church its requests for personnel and financial help, and recommends the appointments of lay missionaries.

Despite its practical orientation, the institute faculty and administration realize that there is more to life than the acquisition of manual or technical skills. The school also trains leaders for the church, and offers scholarships to both preministerial students and to girls planning to become deaconesses. Bible and religious instruction are required of all students on the primary and secondary-grade levels. —*Herman B. Teeter*

Learning how to shop for quality products—whether television or furniture—is as much a part of the home-economics course as becoming a good cook. Outside the classroom, junior-high-school youngsters (below) are on the soccer field taking part in a varied physical-education program involving all ages. Soccer is as much a mania in Brazil as college or professional football is in the United States.

Once In a While, a Respite

The church should meet the legitimate human need for occasional refuge.

By J. B. DIBBLE, M.D.

THE NEW CHURCH? I'm all for it.

Preach civil rights from pulpit? Of course. And preach, too, that two civil wrongs do not make a civil right.

Spend the church's money for reconciliation? Of course!

Take on the whole gamut of city problems, whether or not they are *directly* related to the church? Sure, if they are directly related to *people* and how they're treated.

I'm all for it. The church must not estrange itself from the eddying, muddied tide of life around it. Did I say "around" it? I didn't mean that. The church is *in* it. In the eddy and the swirling maelstrom. Or it should be.

But, the church as a refuge?

Why not?

Religion as a tranquilizer?

Why not?

Lenten service sing-alongs that jerk the tears from your eyes with *The Old Rugged Cross* and *I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked?*

Why not?

Once I lived in the heart of Chicago. There were big hospitals and medical schools and nursing schools and one of the biggest electrical-trade schools in the world. There were Italians and rich blacks and poor whites, and poor blacks and rich whites and garlic-eating Puerto Ricans. There were students from the north, factory workers just up from the Deep South, and a girl who said she was from Peru (way down in central Illinois). There were sensible kids from rich white families and no-good-niks from poor white families. There were hellions from Evanston and saints from South State Street. There was one preacher who had been an actor and another who had been sent to a U.S. concentration camp in the desert because he was a "Jap."

I was there, too: missionary-born, small-town-raised, Methodist-nurtured all my life. What I needed—and what those blacks and whites and yellows and garlic-eaters all needed—was a refuge. We found it in the church, in the fellowship of believers in Jesus Christ.

I didn't need it *all* the time. I used most of my time to study. And when I wasn't studying, I rough-and-tumbled my way through the fraternity house and stood up with the best of them and didn't cry when we lost a football game or when I did poorly on an exam.

But the church was there, down on the corner where the streetcar made an S-curve and shrieked so loudly on Sunday morning that the preacher had to wait a moment to be heard. And all those other people were there, on Sunday morning, on Sunday night, and on special occasions during the week. I knew the church was there, and I knew all the other people were there. And when I needed a refuge, *it* was there. I ask you, before God, is it *bad* for the church to be a refuge once in a while?

I've read some of Karl Marx, and in my more lucid moments I partly understand his brief on dialectical materialism. He wrote a lot of nonsense that even the Russians don't believe any more. But he once wrote that religion is the opiate of the people. He meant it to be derogatory so most of us accept it in that light. Let's have no sedatives in church. Let's not go to church to be lulled to sleep but to be given a charge to go out into the world and change it. Right? I agree.

But, why not a tranquilizer once in a while? All of us need it sometimes, and some people need it most of the time. Many people come to the church looking for solutions, not more problems. I understand their cry. Some call it conservatism. I call it a cry. They cry for such an "opiate" as this: "Come to me, all who labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Or like this: "I have no silver and gold, but I give you what I have." And: "My peace I give to you," and other non-challenging "opiates."

What has happened to us that all we can say to someone looking for peace is, "Look, fella, in order to get inner peace you gotta go out and put in a lick for Jesus. Bus those kids; tote those signs; get a little oomph or you'll land in hell."

And what is wrong with some of those old hymns that strum the strings of your emotions? Take the emotion out of Christianity and what have you got? Plenty, you say, for the 1970s. We've got to look out on the world clear-eyed and with brains unbefuddled by the mysticism and irrationality of the sawdust trail. Those old songs were full of lousy theology, poor poetry, pseudoreligious psalm singing, and the emotionalism of 19th-century missionaries.

The young people won't stand still for that in this day and age? I say nonsense! At our first Lenten service last spring the minister led us in a choose-a-hymn sing-spiration. Do you know who chose all the old-time-religion songs? The young people! The most modern, least emotional song called for by the under-30 group was *How Great Thou Art,* one of my favorites but hardly a choice of the new tell-it-like-it-is theologians.

There is a place for the emotions in Christianity. We must be able to be thrilled deep down inside, once in a while, when we hear the message of Christ preached with intenseness. We must ache a little, once in a while, with the joy of compliance with God's plan. We must fight back a tear (or let it drop, perhaps), swallow a bit convulsively, and be unable to articulate, once in a while. Else our religion is nothing more than an ethic, a code, a set of rules, and we might as well follow Confucius.

There comes a time at the end of every stroke of the old grandfather clock when the pendulum must swing back. Although that pendulum keeps swinging back and forth in the same arc, the mechanism that it drives does not stand still. The hands are still turning, relentlessly grinding out progress in the fourth dimension. Conversely, if the pendulum did stop when it reached its high point, progress of the clock hands *would* stop.

Just because the pendulum of social consciousness in the church has reached a high point, we cannot afford to leave it there if it means ignoring the millions of people *within* the church who come looking for a refuge, a tranquilizer, and a song they can sing. □

No. 73 in a Series

His Students Call Him 'POP'

Text by **Helen Johnson**
Pictures by **George P. Miller**

Home from kindergarten, exuberant five-year-old Steve Thayer has a confidence to share with his father and a candle holder that he made in class that morning to give to his mother.

YOU COULD find a street like Hillcrest Drive, at the edge of Westerville, Ohio, in almost any town or suburb in the United States. Bordered by new homes with meticulously manicured lawns, it curves gently away from the road that leads into town and comes to a stop facing a wooded field.

At this dead end there is a basketball hoop and backboard on a pole, and a trailer that sleeps five is parked on a concrete apron at the foot of the lawn sloping up to a two-story contemporary-colonial house.

This is the home of Fred and Donna Thayer, their 16-year-old daughter Linda, and their sons Gregg, 14, and Steve, 5.

The trailer is important in their lives. It has taken them to Canada, Florida, Washington, D.C., Gettysburg, Pa., and numerous places in Ohio and Kentucky.

"One of the things we like about it," Fred Thayer told us during a conversation in their living room that was punctuated by whoops and interruptions from Steve, "is that it's a chance to get away from the telephone and be with the kids. You look around when you hit 40, and you say: 'Gee, they're growing up, and I haven't seen all that I wanted to see of their growing process.'"

Fred thinks that he did not really get to know Gregg until Gregg was eight, and he got involved with him in Boy Scout work. "I was so busy when Gregg was little," he said, "but when Steve came along, I made up my mind I wasn't going to make that mistake with him. I have made a point of knowing him from the beginning and watching him grow."

Fred had picked up Steve at kindergarten and was keeping a fatherly eye on him as we talked. There is no doubt that Fred and Steve have a special rapport. But there is rapport, too, between Fred and Gregg, and Fred

Three mornings a week, Donna Thayer teaches at a nursery school in the education building of Central College Presbyterian Church in neighboring Central College, Ohio. This morning the project is making caterpillars from egg cartons. In his directing class in Otterbein College Theatre, Fred Thayer talks about problems of set design: "You have to leave clearance for the curtain." And: "Don't forget to check the lines of sight from every seat in the house."

and Linda, and also between Fred and his students in the speech department at United Methodist-related Otterbein College in Westerville, where Fred is an assistant professor. Students in classes where he teaches scenic design and other technical aspects of stagecraft, and directing, call him "Pop" or "Papa T." and take their personal problems to him as quickly as they take questions about classwork.

"I don't know why they call me 'Papa T,'" he said when we asked him about it. Then, with a sudden grin: "Oh, yes, I think I do. It probably came from the chancel drama program. Somewhere on one of our Sunday trips one of the girls started saying, 'Daddy, can we stop and get something to eat?' I think that just kind of developed into 'Pop.'"

Chancel drama, begun at Otterbein seven years ago, has been Fred's baby from the beginning. Chancel players —and Fred—have traveled thousands of miles by bus to present plays that speak the language of faith at youth rallies and local churches in Ohio and neighboring states. *Christ in the Concrete City* is the play they present most often because Fred has found that it adapts itself to almost any kind of sanctuary.

The chancel drama program has the blessing of Otterbein's administration but receives no financial support. For the first year and a half it received funds from the Evangelical United Brethren Church's Board of Missions. Since then it has had to depend on travel expenses paid by the groups and churches the players visit. The chancel players usually are lodged in the homes of host-church members.

At Otterbein, in the basement of Cowan Hall, Fred teaches and works with students on scenic design, lighting, costuming, makeup, and other technical aspects of theater production. Five productions are presented each winter in Cowan Hall, which seats 1,300, and five are presented each summer in a more informal arena theater set up in the student center. Many Westerville residents are regular playgoers.

This winter's schedule began with *Arsenic and Old Lace*. It was followed by a children's show, *Heidi,* which "toured" across the expressway that separates Westerville from Columbus, Ohio, to open the Columbus Junior Theatre season. Third on the schedule, in January, is *Chalk Garden,* which is student directed. In March, *Othello* will be staged with a guest-actor in the title role. The season will close in May with a musical—*Camelot.*

In addition, a number of student-directed one-act plays are produced as workshop theater. And Fred is adviser to 17 students, helping them work out their schedules, giving them a friendly ear when they are worried. "Invariably they make the decisions; I don't," he says. "But they talk, and then they can make the decision. There are times, I guess, when we all need somebody to go to."

Chancel theater rehearsal, in the sanctuary of Westerville's United Methodist Church of the Messiah, comes last in a crowded day. But before leaving his office Fred has a word with theater director Charles W. Dodrill.

Charles Dodrill, theater director and the other theater professor in the department, has adopted the student habit of calling Fred "Pop." "He is very stable," he said, then added that Fred is very hardworking. Too hardworking, in fact. "We have to protect him from that because he won't protect himself."

Fred does not protect himself from church and community efforts, either. When the United Methodist Church of the Messiah, to which the Thayers belong, had its 150th anniversary pageant, it was Fred and a student technician who took over the lighting and staging. Each summer at the Westerville Fair you can find Fred Thayer, pliers and nippers in hand, working quietly behind the scenes. And in Westerville, Boy Scouts can earn a merit badge in theater—thanks to Fred.

In spite of the demands on Fred's time, the Thayers have a warm, close-knit family life. Fred and Donna are relaxed parents who listen to their children and respect them.

Donna, cheerful and competent, has a cadet teacher rating in Ohio and plans to study for full certification. In addition to her nursery-school teaching she belongs to the Women's Society at the church and is active in the PTA.

She and Fred met when they were students at Bowling Green State University, and both are Ohio-born. Donna grew up near Bowling Green, Fred on a small farm near Norwalk, Ohio. His mother, a widow, visits with the Thayers in Westerville during the summer and with one of Fred's sisters in California during the winter.

Fred entered Bowling Green as a music major, but in his sophomore year he decided to design a set for a play. He likes to work with his hands, and he enjoyed this so much that he changed his course to speech, theater, and education.

As a Marine in Korea he was a supply man by day and a disc jockey for the Far East Network by night. He taught in high schools in Imlay City, Mich., and Blissfield, Mich., and was on the faculty of the University of Toledo before coming to Otterbein in 1960.

He has had a number of offers to leave Otterbein, but he likes Ohio, and he likes knowing that the people he meets on Otterbein's tree-shaded campus are going to say hello. "There are about 100 of us on the faculty, and we know each other and most of the students," he says. He has a master's degree from Bowling Green and is working toward a Ph.D. degree from Ohio State University, conveniently nearby in Columbus.

He thinks that a lot of New York theater is "pretty sick" right now, and he believes that it is in educational and community theater—particularly educational and community theater in the Midwest—that theater can survive until Broadway finds its direction again. He believes that religious drama can be an important part

Linda is a capable seamstress and makes most of her own clothes. Her brothers, Gregg and Steve, would rather try shooting a few baskets. The whole family enjoys the trailer parked at the edge of the front yard.

of worship in the church. As we talked about Otterbein's chancel-drama program he admitted that he used to think he would like to be a minister.

Otterbein has had a strong theater program since 1929, and between 90 and 100 of its 1,450 students are majoring in speech this year.

Dark-haired Linda Thayer may go to Otterbein when she finishes high school, but even though she has worked with a costume crew for the college theater, she does not plan to go into speech. She wants to be a kindergarten teacher, and has been getting experience with four-year-olds and kindergarteners in church school at the Church of the Messiah. She and her mother worked in church Bible school together last summer.

At high school, Linda is a member of the Thespians. She also belongs to Job's Daughters and does volunteer work at Doctors Hospital in Columbus.

Gregg, a sturdy 14-year-old, is a Star Scout, which means that Donna has a small star pin to wear. He is on the UMYF planning committee at the Church of the Messiah and is working toward a God and Country Award in Scouting.

The Thayers want to go to Europe the summer Linda is 17. Fred thinks they may buy a camper bus over there.

They used to live in an older house near the Otterbein campus. "I did a lot of fixing up there," Fred said as we drove past it. They moved to their present house on Hillcrest Drive two years ago. Untroubled by traffic, it is a good place for a five-year-old to play. From the picture window in the living room there is a magnificent view of sunsets framed by the trees in the field across the street. Speedie, the Thayers' small black and white mixed-breed dog, can chase rabbits, which she persists in doing despite the fact that she is 12, too advanced an age for rabbit catching. Behind the house a small yard bordered by pine trees is a good place for family cookouts. In the family room, sheet music for musical comedy songs stands on the music rack of an upright piano that Fred antiqued. A large color television set faces a comfortable couch, and over the television set is the Thayer "coat of arms" painted by one of Fred's students.

Another student, Glenn Plum, who was a summer student-preacher at two small United Methodist churches, chose to return to Otterbein last fall to wait out his call to military service. Taking psychology and handling the set design for *Arsenic and Old Lace*, he told us: "You couldn't have chosen a better man to write about. 'Papa T.' has been my biggest inspiration." □

Steve delivers grace before the evening meal. Earlier he had upset his glass of punch on the tablecloth. Donna calmly went down to the basement laundry room and ironed another. The family has more meals together than most families do, but Donna says it takes some "finagling."

Religion for the Space Age

By ORION N. HUTCHINSON, JR.
Pastor, First United Methodist Church
Brevard, North Carolina

IN 1961, social and physical scientists, government and civic leaders from across our nation gathered at Columbia University for the 20th American Assembly. Their theme was *Outer Space*. The final report of that distinguished assembly contained these words:

"Before long, human footsteps will imprint the dust of the moon's surface. As more and more satellites cross the skies and as man's old dream of contact with the moon and planets is transformed into reality, human life will inescapably take on new dimensions. . . . Few are the generations privileged to take part in a comparable enterprise." [1]

Ours is such a generation. But there has come in rapid succession not just one outstanding event but almost one in every decade. How far we have come from the time when President Kennedy summoned the United States to put a man on the moon and bring him home!

This is but an episode in a succession of scientific achievements that are changing many of our patterns of living. It is having its effect on our economy, our com-

munications, our transportation, and our international relations. It will influence all the facets of life far more than we now realize.

What about religion in the space age? Is it to be found inadequate, in error, unmeaningful? Is religion to be seen merely as a corner cupboard full of a lot of things from the past which are of little value today? Is religion going to survive in this Space Age when everything else is radically and dynamically changed?

Searching for Answers

We might begin to answer these questions by taking a look at the concept of space that we have inherited through our Judeo-Christian tradition. It goes back to the very ancient Hebrew view that man lived on a flat earth. High above and beyond man's sight was a great dome in which there were the windows of heaven. Beyond and above that great dome were waters. Beneath the dome were the sun and the moon and the stars. Beneath the flat earth was a cavernous area called Sheol, a dark place of shadows to which departed spirits went. There were waters above the earth and beneath the earth. This great dome was held onto the flat earth by two great rocks on each side of the universe, one called Rahab and the other called Leviathan. That was the Hebrew cosmology.

How Ancients Saw God

The ancient faith proclaimed that God created the heavens. This is the theme of the first chapter of Genesis.

Another belief was that God revealed himself through the heavens. This was proclaimed by the psalmist who wrote, "The heavens are telling the glory of God; and the firmament proclaims his handiwork."

God not only was revealed through the heavens, he also was *in* the heavens. This idea, too, is echoed in the psalm: "sing praises to the Lord, to him who rides in the heavens."

The ancients believed that God was greater than the heavens, beyond them; greater than anything that was made. As the psalmist said, "The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens!" Jesus echoed this idea when he, through the New Testament writers, spoke of the possible destruction of the universe and loss of the heavens, but not of the loss of God. God's eternal dwelling for man was in the heavens.

Jesus himself was placed in the heavens by the writer of Hebrews who says, "Since . . . we have a great high priest who has passed through the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our confession."

This, then, is the world view of faith that we have inherited, and we have brought it into the Space Age. It is scarcely adequate, but at least it is a faith that was born out of man's groping and grasping for understanding of the divine and of the world about him.

Now what about religion for a Space Age?

The tempting trap is to become rigidly traditional and orthodox. With everything changing around us, we want a place that does not change. When everything else is shaking, we want a place that holds steady, and whenever people are feeling that things have changed, we want a place where we can feel at home.

Donald N. Michael, a social scientist, has said, "Most people . . . react to new experiences in terms of their learned and tested mode of responding to the world. They perceive in terms of their preexisting values and attitudes; they try to mold new experiences into old contexts; and thus the new experiences frequently lose their unique implications and power . . . Nevertheless, it usually is asserted that space exploration will broaden man's perspectives and his view of himself and thereby make a finer creature of him and a better society for his fellows. If space activities do come to directly touch a good part of society, they doubtless will affect values and attitudes." [1]

If we fall into the trap of looking at the Space Age in terms of old values and attitudes, we will possess a religion that is ultimately meaningless and will be rejected. Religion must have something positive to contribute.

Space Age Religion

Let me outline four marks of religious experience that I feel are appropriate. Religion for a Space Age first of all, must be a *religion that is infused with science*. No longer can they be separate from each other. Unfortunately, the creation of a world for each can be traced largely to the church itself. It has too often denounced science as a threat to the ways of God.

This has encouraged the man of science to go his own way and to forget the man of religion. Yet a new school of scientific outlook has developed in our generation. Men of science are becoming men of faith. As science has probed deeper into the underlying causes of behavior and into the underlying factors of the universe, it has come face to face with overwhelming discoveries.

As atomic scientists unveil the seemingly unlimited potency of nuclear energy, they see the greatness of God in a way that the man of religion seldom does.

The men of science have taken off their shoes on this place of holy ground.

Wolfgang Pauli, for instance, an atomic scientist who had spent most of his lifetime as a religious skeptic, said in a lecture in Copenhagen: "Since the 17th century the activities of the human spirit have been strictly classified in separate compartments. But in my view the attempt to eliminate such distinctions by a rational understanding and the mystical experience of unity obeys the explicit or explicit imperative of our own contemporary age." [2]

I remember a Russian guide who could not understand when I told her that a person of religion can accept the discoveries of science and build them into one concept of life. In her country, she said, you are either religious or you are scientific. This distinction is not valid anymore. The man of religon must be a man who studies, a man who is open in his outlook, a man who is willing to listen, to learn, to undergird his faith with a scientific understanding of faith itself. Man's religion in a scientific age must be infused with science.

Religion in the Space Age is a summons to a *religion that is creative in outlook*. Just as space exploration is a creative outgrowth of scientific endeavor, so the Christian must ever be open to creativity in his religious life. There must be a willingness to experiment, to explore new territory. Religion's value will be determined not so much by what it preserves as by what it creates.

This Space Age summons us to a *religion that is humanitarian in sensitivity*, but not humanistic. The humanist says you are your own man without God; the humani-

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

Aren't some purely secular people better than some Christians?

✣ Of course, but that does not mean that either is good enough. To begin with, there is no such thing as a "purely secular" man. All men have at least some glimmer of the tremendous mystery of life. But even among those who show little sympathy for organized religion, there may be a highly developed social conscience, a sense of fair play, a feeling of indignation at wrong. This is more than can be said of some "Christians."

It will never do to compare some Christians with some secularists. One does not compare a casual pianist with a great artist, for casual commitment has never produced a great artist. A better comparison would be one who follows Christ with all his might and one who makes no such claim. It is easy to see the difference between St. Francis and any other good man. One whose life is totally committed to Christ blesses the world richly.

What differentiates Christianity from other religions?

✣ The briefest answer can be given in one word: Christ. Just as Jesus found much in Judaism that was of value, so Christians find much that has deep meaning in other world religions. But Jesus Christ demands more than an academic appraisal of alternatives. Christianity is more than a set of rules, a code of morality, or a cultural overlay of piety. At its best, Christianity is the open and honest confrontation of Christ that calls for decision. We are not called upon to identify ourselves with Christianity, which is only a name for the Way. We are called upon to follow Christ, to make him the Lord of all life.

No other religion demands this. □

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arian is sensitive to the way God is in man. In a time of xploration, of scientific investigation, and when there re new worlds to conquer, Christian faith must proclaim the importance of the person. It must ever keep nan alert to human needs and proclaim the infinite vorth of the individual.

To quote Donald Michael again, "It is all too easy—specially when seduced by glamorous predictions—to quate escape from earth by rocket with escape from arth's present problems. . . . Finally it is the inner space f man where the decisions are made and the actions nitiated which will determine the uses to which space put." [1]

The Space Age *summons religion to reaffirm eternal uths.* The Space Age may invalidate the Hebrew cosology, but not its divine insights. Our religion must e able to find and proclaim the authentic absolutes in time of change, the eternal in the midst of a fascination ith the temporal. It must help us to distinguish between ie valid and the invalid, the things that last and things iat do not.

The Book of Faith, which is our Bible, was not intended , a book of science. It remains authoritative because of insights into the matters of faith, because of its discernment of eternal principles about the nature of God, the nature of man, and his redemption. Religion in a Space Age should reaffirm these eternal truths.

These are some of the marks to which the Space Age summons religion in our time. We wait and watch and hope and pray as we move farther into the Space Age. Having a religion that is infused with science, creative in outlook, humanitarian in sensitivity, and which reaffirms the eternal truths of God and man, we can sing with the psalmist:

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord from the heavens,
praise him in the heights!
Praise him, sun and moon, praise him, all you shining stars!
Let them praise the name of the Lord!
For he commanded and they were created.
And he established them for ever and ever.
Let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is exalted; his glory is above earth and heaven.
Praise the Lord! □

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[1] *From* Outer Space: Prospects for Man and Society. *Used by permission of The American Assembly, Columbia University* —Your Editors

[2] *From* Brighter Than a Thousand Suns: A Personal History of the Atomic Scientists *by Robert Jungk.* —Your Editors

Letters

FEW UNDERSTAND RETARDATION —OR WANT TO DISCUSS IT

I was pleased to see *Stevie, Our Happy-Blue Boy* in your December, 1970, issue [page 44]. Mental retardation seems one thing many people don't understand, nor do they feel it is necessary even to discuss it with you. How wrong!

It took a lot of grit for some of the parents to tackle this condition. Progress has been made, especially in schooling and training these children to help them become useful citizens.

Since November was National Retarded Month, your article was especially timely. We have a slogan, "The mentally retarded can be helped," and it is true.

MRS. B. D. BULLEMER
Wapello, Iowa

FOR PARENTS OF SEVERELY RETARDED, MANY FRUSTRATIONS

Betty Swords' *Stevie, Our Happy-Blue Boy* is a beautiful story, pathetic but true. We parents seldom take time to appreciate and love our children for their true worth.

But Mrs. Swords is fortunate that her Stevie can go to school. If he can finish high school, he will lead a fairly normal existence. Some of us have severely retarded children who need institutional care for their own safety. And this is really frustrating!

We contend with inadequate housing, crowded conditions, outmoded, outdated, even condemned buildings, and it seems impossible to change the situation. The human race is so unconcerned and so apathetic.

But we still love these children and when they smile, frustrations are forgotten.

MRS. KATHRYN McGAUHEY
Wheatridge, Colo.

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

GOD HONORS PARENTS OF THE RETARDED CHILD

"Thank you" doesn't seem enough to say for the story of *Stevie, Our Happy-Blue Boy*. It hit close to home because last September I gave birth to a darling little girl who is a mongoloid child.

At first my husband and I felt hurt that our second girl would not be normal. But then we looked at it this way: God gave us Regina to take care of, teach, love, and have patience and understanding with. So now we feel honored that God chose us for her parents.

In the area where we live is a school for trainable children, and something the school principal told me has helped. He told us to remember that no two normal children are alike and to remember as well that children like our Regina are children first, and second they are mongoloid.

As Betty Swords wrote in her article, the parents of any child, whether normal, slow learning, or retarded, have to accept the truth that their child may not excel in what they as parents would choose for the child to be best in. What their child excels in has to be on his or her own level.

Many thanks for the story of Stevie. I know God is with Mrs. Swords and with all parents of these wonderful children who have an endless giving and receiving love.

MRS. DAVID A. JACKSON
Williamston, Mich.

NO SUCH THING AS LIBERTY IN RUSSIA

I am getting disgusted with the liberalism of *Together*. I have threatened to drop my subscription several times, but I guess I keep taking it so I can know more clearly the liberal attitude of the church.

The extolling of religious liberty in Communist East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Soviet Russia in the news article *World Action: German Support, Rhodesian Protest* [November, 1970, page 21] is scandalous.

You are evidently unaware of the construction of 56 concentration camps in Russia in the last two years for religious and political prisoners. Each will hold 6,000 persons. Religious persecution is continually increasing. Parents can be jailed for rearing children in the Christian faith.

No Methodist article should ever be published that tells America that Russia allows or is moving toward religious freedom.

Regarding the Rhodesian government's action in banning a United Methodist bishop from black tribal areas, this is wrong. But too often the liberals have r been completely truthful about Rhodesia. The U.S. government's present policy toward Rhodesia reflects America's liberalism.

OSCAR L. ATTEBER
Anderson, Ir

CLOSED-MINDEDNESS NOT FOR CHRISTIANS

I must comment on a letter fror one of your readers regarding Hel Johnson's October article, *The Changing American Family*. [See *Not All Families Have Changed*, December, 1970, page 50.]

First, I would remind this reader that the article was about changin American families and therefore t photographs were of families of thi type. In an article about modern transportation, would you show a horse and buggy?

More important, though, is the stand this woman took against *Together* and against the types of families discussed in the article. It very upsetting to me that a Christian should be so closed-minde

Third, I would inform her that not all people with long hair and the appearance of "hippie types" a drug users or hippies. These peopl are as capable of loving God as anyone, and many of them do so wi all their hearts.

For years Christians were persecuted and were considered radicals by the society in which the lived. By practicing their religion they were breaking the law. And i the Bible we find Christ mocking all political parties of the time exce the radical party.

GLENN GODBO
Elmhurst, N.

FILM REVIEWER'S OBJECTIVITY OBJECT OF NEW RESPECT

It is refreshing, in a time when most reviewers are glorifying so-called "liberal" and antiwar entertainment and literature, to re one reviewer who can see some of the error in it all! So I appreciated

...mes Wall's report on *Soldier ...e* [*Films & TV*, November, 1970, ...ge 22].

... am a moderate, a person who ...rks with "kids" of all ages, and ... appreciate that there are some ...oid criticisms coming forth. But I ... believe we should support and ...serve our precious heritage of ...vernment instead of trying to ...er it down.

... 'm grateful for Mr. Wall's ...olective reporting. I've enjoyed ...hi column in the past, but now ... ave a new respect for it.

MRS. HERB WILLIAMS
Tacoma, Wash.

...THANKSGIVING DESERVES ...ENTION OF CHRISTIANS

... was surprised and concerned ...th the November, 1970, issue of ...r magazine failed to include more ... very modest reference to ... Thanksgiving Day.

... his uniquely American institution, ...es...blished by our Puritan ... fo fathers to give thanks to God for ... abundance of the land to ...wh...ch they had journeyed and in ...wh...ch most of us have continued ... njoy that abundance, seems to me ... worthy of strong Christian reference. ... erhaps you will want to plan a ...91 issue that centers on a plea to ... people in our land to be ...hankful for the subtle blessings ... enjoy in it and in living, rather ... displeased by what does not ... suit them.

O. U. MUTZ
Columbus, Ind.

...SE EXPLOITATION SEEN ...NI CAN'T MARRY HER NOW . . .'

... ou certainly gave ample space ...o *I Can't Marry Her Now . . .*' ...December, 1970, page 2]. ...Together is a family magazine and ...so much of it is fine. Then you ...come up with J. Frank Bartleson's ...poem. This is a fine display of how ...blind some of our leaders may be, ...having eyes but unable to see with ...seritivity, specially at Christmastime. ... Of course the story is in our Bible, ...as you printed it at the beginning ...of the poem, but you need not ...exploit it. It is bad enough when ...so many local churches highlight ...discussions of "sex and the whole ...person," but why our top journals? ...Perhaps such exploitation to catch ...the public's eye is a reason our ...United Methodist Church is in a ...time of mounting difficulties.

CLARENCE R. WAGNER *Ret. Minister*
Claremont, Calif.

KEEP CONTROVERSY COMING: TO KEEP INFORMED, ALERT

A heartfelt thank you for the blank verse soliloquy of Joseph, *'I Can't Marry Her Now . . .'* by J. Frank Bartleson. This is one of the most beautiful thoughts I have read in a long time. It is clipped for my files for I want it accessible for continual inspiration.

Even though *Together* publishes controversial articles, I say keep them coming. I may not always agree with the authors, but the articles do keep me informed and alert to what is going on in the world.

AURIL WOOD
Magalia, Calif.

POEM: TENDER, SENSITIVE

The poem *'I Can't Marry Her Now . . .'* by J. Frank Bartleson tenderly and sensitively reflects on a little recognized and never emphasized facet of the Christmas event. Thank you for printing it.

MRS. GRACE E. DRAKE
Heppner, Oreg.

DESIRE FOR THE OLD HOME COMES 'SO NATURALLY'

I was looking through the November, 1970, issue of *Together*, thinking I probably wouldn't find anything of interest to me, a woman of 75 years, in this contemporary age. Then, on page 39, my glance fell upon the old photograph of Herman B. Teeter's second-grade class, and I gasped with astonishment at how much it resembled a picture I have of the country school and pupils where my children attended.

So I read *Homecoming* with relish and enjoyed every moment of it! It was so true to life. The desire for the old home comes so naturally to people when they are a little past middle age. I am with my children, and I often long for my old home at Wattersonville, Pa., 60 miles above Pittsburgh. But I can't go much because of my health, and besides, there are so few that are left.

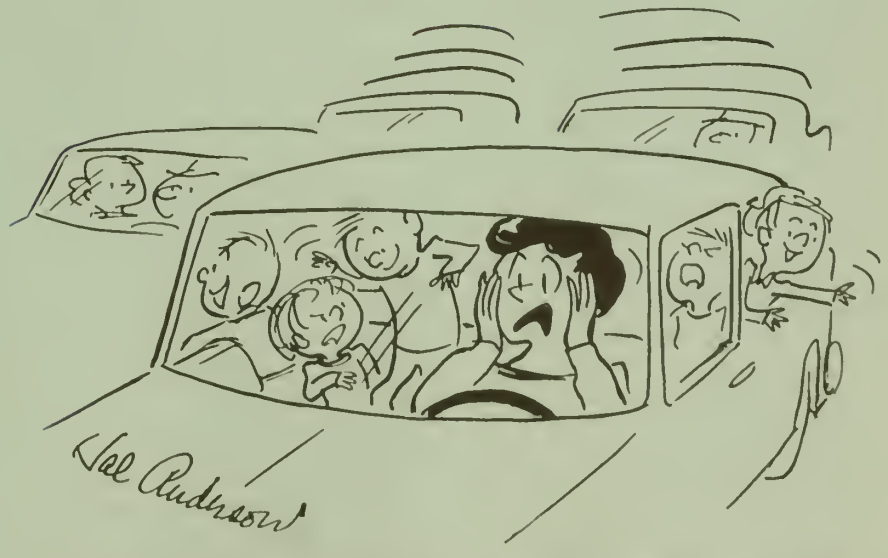
The way the artist pictured the house that Mr. Teeter returned to looks so much like the one my cousins lived in at Falls Creek, Pa., that it was a joy just to read about it! Thank you for this story.

RUTH K. LOGUE
Meadville, Pa.

CHILDREN DO NOT GROW UP IN CHURCH INSTITUTIONS

Your article *Project Hope: A Ministry of the Home* [December, 1970, page 23] is very interesting and an excellent explanation of the ministry developed by Lakeside United Methodist Church in Oklahoma City. The second paragraph, however, could be misleading, so I would like to clarify a point regarding United Methodist agencies serving children and youths.

The average length of stay in a United Methodist agency serving children and youths is now about 1½ years, so children do not "grow up" in United Methodist institutions. These agencies are serving those who



"I knew it would happen someday! Let's see. Am I picking Henry up at the station, or taking the kids to Brownies, or is it car-pool day, or am I—?"

temporarily cannot remain in their own homes or live in foster or adoptive homes.

In addition, our latest annual reports indicate that approximately 800 children and youths are being cared for in foster homes as a part of the total ministry being provided by these agencies.

MERLIN OUTCALT, *Asst. Gen. Sec.*
United Methodist Board of Health and Welfare Ministries
Evanston, Ill.

CONVOCATION SPEAKER SPOKESMAN ONLY FOR HIMSELF

I have read with interest John A. Lovelace's report, *A New Force in United Methodism?* [November, 1970, page 13], concerning the Convocation of United Methodists for Evangelical Christianity in Dallas. I could not escape noticing also that I was pictured at the news conference following my address to the convocation and labeled a spokesman for evangelical renewalists. My one connection with the convocation was that of being one of the platform speakers. You may have been presumptive in indicating that I am a spokesman for anyone but myself.

At any rate, since I did not see in the article a delineation of my own position, I would appreciate your printing a clarification of my views.

I personally do not desire to turn back to anything or return to some bygone time. Instead, I see myself as committed to moving forward to where God is surely leading us today. We are being called to bring together these two, so long set against each other: a personal experience with God through Jesus Christ and a vital concern for all men and involvement in all the problems of the world. The man-made dichotomy between personal salvation and social concern is not true to the whole gospel and too long has divided the church. We must heal this false division or the church faces schism.

I consider myself an evangelical, but not in the narrow pietistic sense of "getting saved" and then just praying and going to church as the central expression of my faith. Most evangelicals that I know turned away from such a caricature of the faith long ago. The modern evangelical understands the necessity for man to turn to God, be converted from his own selfishness and ego, and then, in the power and love of Christ, have a new dimension of love, wisdom, and motivation to be a real change agent in the world.

While there may be some evangelicals, including some of the leadership at Dallas, who have their eyes set on control of the United Methodist structure, this is not my primary concern. Renewal has never begun with structure and never will, in my opinion. The Reformation and the Wesleyan Revival were both grass-roots movements, and it is my conviction that God is bringing such a time of reawakening and new life to his people today. If the structure does not listen and hear, it will be left behind.

IRA GALLAWAY, *Superintendent*
Fort Worth East District
Fort Worth, Texas

GOOD NEWS MOVEMENT HOPEFUL SIGN, NO THREAT

Thank you for publishing *A New Force in United Methodism?* in the November issue. Although I regard it as a biased report, still I am glad you found the Dallas convocation newsworthy.

I attended the entire convocation and thought it the best United Methodist meeting I have attended in a long time. I see the Good News movement as a hopeful sign—not as a threat to the future of our church!

I still wish you would publish articles and sermons by evangelical leaders in the church. There are many if you'll look around. Surely they deserve to be heard, too.

ESTELL R. CASEBIER, *Pastor*
Horse Cave United Methodist Church
Horse Cave, Ky.

EVANGELICAL RENEWALISTS MORE NUMEROUS THAN APPEARS

Thank you for giving us a report on the convocation of the evangelical renewalists. They represent many more of us than appears on the surface—people who are highly dissatisfied with the church's swing to the left in its disposal of our money, its performance on evangelism, and its attitude toward those who are trying to redirect its course back to the John Wesley path of preaching and helping the poor, and of making Christians instead of church members.

I am bored to death with hearing about that 11-million-member (more recently 10.8 million) United Methodist Church, as though numbers were important. Gideon didn't think so. What I should like to know is, How many are Christians?

I regret Mr. Lovelace's slighting approach in reporting the convocation. The hierarchy would b well advised to give heed to the members whose religion extends deep as to their wallets. Mr. Lovela states correctly that in cutting off the gifts they may "hurt programs beyond those being objected to." But until they have voice in the choosing of board members, this may be the case.

Pentecostals are increasing and their foreign mission giving, too. Jehovah's Witnesses are booming. Mormons are growing. Let us look inward.

HAROLD RAMSI
Houston, Tex

SUNDAY SCHOOL'S REAL NEED: TEACHERS THAT CARE

Your news article *Sunday Schoo of the 1970s: Booming or Dying?* [November, page 19] does not mention a class like ours.

Our class started in eighth grade with a couple who were definitely concerned about us. In ninth grade the boys and girls were split because more attention was paid to each other than the teache Now in 10th grade we wouldn't want our classes back together agair

Our girls class started on service projects, visiting a nursing home weekly, writing to North Viet Nam about the prisoners of war, and we adopted a family from Mississip to provide them clothing and supplies. All this took real organization and gave us an identi in the church.

Our lessons have centered around the books and materials provided, but now we are starting a unit on parents and family which we ourselves are making. More activities are planned for a day-care center at Christmas and for our Mississippi family.

Our teachers care enough to help us do what we want, how we want. They actually listen to us, help us, and guide us. That's really what we want in this confused world.

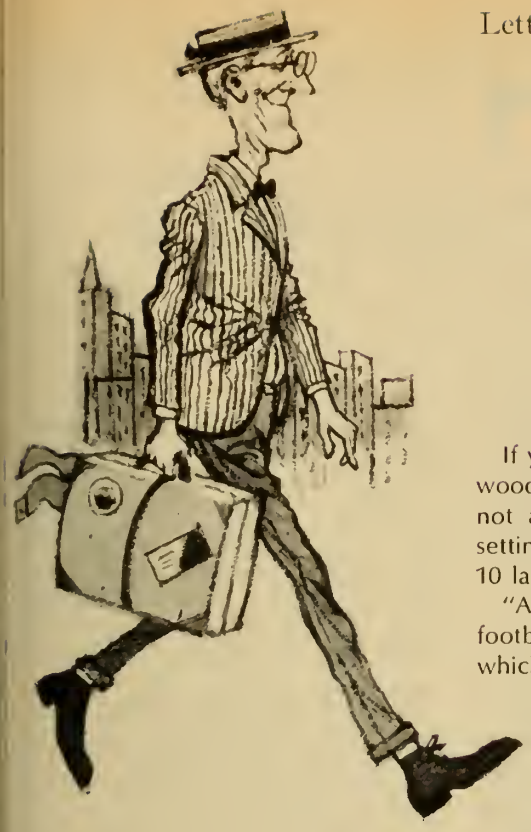
VICKI ASPROOT
Cedar Rapids, Iow

A COVER FOR EVERYONE

I would like to commend you on the cover picture on the front of th December, 1970, issue. Many of us can't understand some of the mode pictures, but everybody should appreciate this one.

R. W. HAYWAR
Fairfield, I

'Was it a good Game, Hegbert?'



Dear Editur:

If anyone was ever glad about anything I am glad the footbawl season is over with, xcept maybe for a all pro game or 2, because my tv set is broke and has been broke all fall and winter and my wife Abby woodnt let me call the tv repare man.

"Hegbert," she said, "you know I am a devoted and dutiful wife but I dont want to see no tv repare man within 2 mile of this place until I get my warshing machine fixed 1st."

Now, Mr. Editur, that really put me betwixt a rock and a hard place, as the saying goes, for last summer I went into the county seat and paid down cash on a new warshing machine for Abby as a birthday present, which is fine but she dont have no birthday until Feb. 2, and by then the footbawl season will be all over.

However, I figger a man can find a way out of anything if he sets around and thinks about it long enuff, which I done all of Sept., Oct., and into Nov. It got so I was tossing and turning and groaning in bed at nite, and Abby kept asting me: "Hegbert, why are you so figgity all the time?" but I didnt tell her it was because for the 1st time in years the footbawl season was passin me by without me seeing even 1 game.

If you knowed me, Mr. Editur, you wood know that Hegbert Clutter is not a man to take advercity either setting or laying down, so on Nov. 10 last I rose sudenly and said:

"Abby, you know I aint seen no footbawl games all year long, to which I am not acustommed to but have withstud with a stout hart, however, as a good and loyal United Methdist I consider it my duty to do what I am about to do."

"Not until my warshing machine is fixed," Abby deklared. "Hegbert, after bending over that old warsh bord all day I am too tarred to arn your cloths with that old flat arn, and anyways what does the church have to do with footbawl?"

"Abby," I said in a whisper, "do you know that the Suthern Methdist mustangs is coming to play almost in our own backyard, just a few 100 miles away on forein soil, and it is not only my duty as Elsewhere corspdt. for the Rock City Clarion to rite up the sport story but also my duty as a life-long Methdist and church leader to cheer the Suthern Methdist on to viktory."

"Oh, Shaw!" Abby deklared, "Hegbert you are the outdoingest man I ever saw or heard of, and mule-headed too, but you know I dont never stand in your way when it comes to the UM church. Who are we Methdists playing, anyway?"

"Abby, they is being cast into a den of lines against the razobacks down in Arkansaw and will need friends in such a hostil invironment. It wood be a shame if they is not a lot of United Methdists their to cheer them on to viktory."

Abby wiped her eyes and said: "I will go pack your duds."

"I will go into Rock City and catch the buss on Thurs. a.m.," I said, my joy knowing no bounds.

Well, I rode all night on the buss and must of crost 2 or 3 state lines before I arrove in Fayetteville a day early and found they was sold out of tickets for the game.

"Miss," I said tipping my hat to the lady at the ticket winder, "I do not like to throw my wait around but I am a ackredited corspdt. for the Rock City Clarion, of which you no doubt have herd, and hear is my press card."

"Mr. Clutter," she said with a funny look on her face, "you will have to see our Mr. Bell up the stares to your left," and she returned my press card which had bin run off speciul for me the day before by the Weekly Clarion editur.

Mr. Editur, I never got no warmer greeting than from Mr. Bell who took me up and down the hall where all the coaches was not doing anything much but looking at moving pitchers or drinking from the water fountain. I dont know what movies was showing but they was a lot of students in the different rooms which was dark looking at them and I hope they wasnt playing hookey from class.

Then the hed coach of the razobacks come out into the hall to meet me and ast: "Are you the same Mr. Clutter whose fine letters it has been my pleasure to read in the TOGETHER?"

"None other than the same," I replied proudly.

"Well, I am a Methdist myself," said the hed coach who is a big tall man and was wearing a blue sports shirt. "Also we have a lot of fine Methdist boys on our team."

Anyway, the next day I went up into where all the reporters go, a big 3-story box stuck up on stilks, and they was a lot of men up their who wasnt hardly paying any attention to the game. They was on the telephone all the time talking to their wives

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or girl friends, I guess, and they was even some men down on the sidelines who wasnt doing nothing but talking into the telephone.

They had tied some kind of wire or rope onto 1 of the coaches also and ever now and then he would walk out a few feet onto the astraturff and talk to the quattaback. I ast one of the men in the press box if they had tied the wire to the coach so they could pull him back off the field if he tried to git into the game, and he said no, he is onely giving the quattaback a message off the telephone.

Well, it was a grate game, and after it was over I went to listen to the razoback and mustang coaches and players talk about it, and saw the players up close and they looked clean and strong and younger than when they was playing out on the field. Everybody had their hair cut, and one of them who had such big mussels in his legs that his pants was too tight wasnt too tarred to take me around and interduce me.

Then I come on back to Rock City and who do you think shud meat me, Mr. Editur, but my preacher, Bro. Harol Viktor.

"Hegbert," he said, "I am not 1 to sit in hi judgment on a mere mortal but you have did rong gallavanting all over the country using sutterfuge against your pore hardworking wife under the pretex of lending moral support to 1 of our grate United Methodist universities of which, by the way, I am proud to have graduated from. Also, by the way, was it a good game Hegbert?"

"It was a grate game, Bro. Viktor," I replied. "And I seen a lot of fine young men who play fair and square and you dont hear too much about these days. Also I know I have did rong and will seek forgiveness of my good wife and helpmate."

Like I said, Mr. Editur, I shure will be glad, however, when footbawl season is over. Then it wont worry me none if my tv is broke.

They will tote Abbys new warshing machine out from the county seat on Feb. 2. Then I will call the repare man and sit back to wait for the Sant Louis cardnal basebawl season to open.

Sinserely, *H. Clutter*

P.S. Also I am throwing in a steam arn with Abbys new warshing machine. It is what Bro. Viktor calls a act of penants.

Reflecting on a lifetime of listening to prayers, this author suggests how to make them more meaningful to everyone, including God. He emphasizes that prayer should be sincere even more than eloquent.

Prayers I Have Heard

By HANOR A. WEBB

THE *most sincere prayer* I ever heard was six short words gasped by a workman trapped under the platform of a construction elevator: "God, get me out of here."

Some said the man was irreverent, others that he was cursing. But I believe his exclamation was truly a prayer.

The *least sincere prayer* I ever heard was at a tent meeting, when the preacher picked up an imaginary telephone and carried on this monologue, broken by occasional pauses:

"Hello, God! Hello, God! This is Jim. It's sure good to hear your voice while I work for you in this town."

Persons in the audience began whispering in awed tones: "Jim and God are talking to each other just as we do over the phone."

The evangelist continued: "What's that? Yes, the meeting is going along pretty well, and we're getting some conversions. Uh-huh. But the crowd is a little bit stingy! Yes, it's too bad. Huh?"

There was buzzing in the crowd.

"Now God, you promised me a good meeting here, but I can't make these people dig down. Can you help me? What's that—tell 'em that everyone who is generous will receive a special blessing next week? Huh? You mean that? Those who love their money more than they love you will have trouble? Okay."

There was fidgeting in the audience.

"Well, thank you, God, for this personal message. Amen."

Awed silence settled over the assemblage. What a scene they had witnessed! But one little boy searched his mind for the word to describe this so-called prayer. The word came to him years later—*sacrilege*.

Prayers should never be used to attempt to force God—or others—to do what we want done for our own selfish purposes.

The *longest prayer* I have heard was extensive because—for a time—no one could think of a way to stop it. The Sunday-morning worship in the chapel of a great university began with dignity. Shortly before the university preacher closed his eloquent prayer, the congregation became aware of a second voice. An aged man, his arms and face lifted toward heaven, stood in an aisle praying. It was obvious he was accustomed to lengthy communion with God.

As the minutes passed, the people became restless. How could he be stopped—tactfully and decorously? Then, almost too faint to hear, the voices of the choir began a hymn. In a gradual crescendo, their melody and the organ's tones reached full strength. At the end of a stanza, the old man's voice had ceased.

Rarely have I seen an emergency of worship handled so tactfully.

The *shortest prayer* I ever heard was said by a patient who, as he was coming out of an anesthetic, asked, "Where am I?"

"In the hospital, dear," replied a relative.

"Have I had the operation?"

"Yes, it is finished, and you'll soon be well."

"Dear Lord, I thank thee—" said the patient, lapsing into sleep.

In considering prayer, the question usually arises: Did Jesus frown on public prayer? He rebuked those "practicing . . . piety before men in order to be seen by them." This was not a condemnation of spoken prayer for Jesus himself prayed before the multitudes. But public or private, he prayed only because there was a sincere reason for it. What he found fault with was piety purely for show.

What makes a good spoken prayer? Above all, it should be *meaningful*. Jesus taught, "In praying, do not heap up empty phrases" (Matthew 6:7). In other words, avoid cliches or overworked words that lack vitality. Shopworn expressions dull the listeners' attention.

Prayer should be sincere even more than eloquent. It should express the heart's ardor. It should be a reaching out to God—in thankfulness, in recognition of our need for his help and our reliance upon him. It should be a petition for God's guidance and strength—leading us to fellowship with him.

The Lord's Prayer continues to be the model for all prayers—private and public, silent and spoken. It is short, yet saturated with spiritual wisdom. It begins with homage and reverence. Its first request—for daily bread to serve the body's needs—is practical. Its second request concerns our social relationships—our transgressions and those of others. Its third request is for the strength to resist temptation and evil. It closes, as it began, with reverent praise.

Does this mean that no prayers should be for more specific things? Not at all. Prayer can be very specific. But it should be unselfish, not a begging for personal favors or special rewards. God knows our needs; we should seek in prayer the resources to accomplish what we ought to do.

In petitioning on behalf of others, it would seem unnecessary to ask God to bless a list of persons mentioned by name or title. We need not leave them out, but it is sufficient to ask God to direct their hearts and minds so they will perform their duties to his glory.

Of greater concern to us, perhaps, are the immediate needs of the church and its members. "Pray for one another," advised James. As we pray for them, we will be strengthened, too.

Brevity is an asset. A long prayer can tire rather than inspire listeners. Whoever utters a spoken prayer ought to be mindful of the attention

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span of others present. It may be advisable to say a separate brief prayer for each of several requests, rather than lump everything into a rambling catchall.

One mistake do not make: advising God! I have heard religious leaders tell God all sorts of things he already knew, and sometimes go on at length informing him about literature, or utter platitudes, even quote from the Bible. God does not need our advice. We need his guidance and should seek it.

What about printed prayers? They provide for a certain order, as in services of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and they offer patterns of dignified expression. But they may lack the freshness and impact many persons like in spontaneous prayers. Another drawback to printed prayers is that while the eye is following them, the mind can wander—and the heart may be untouched. A written prayer can be read so mechanically that it loses its meaning.

What is important in a good extemporary prayer is the preparation for it. One hears lots of extemporary prayers, many of them rattled off on the spur of the moment without much thought. All good ones flow from sound thinking about the theme, which lets the thought come out clearly and unfalteringly. Such spoken prayer inspires. Unplanned extemporary prayer, on the other hand, can become wooden and trite.

Finally, what about the proper posture for prayer? Sitting, standing, kneeling? Bowed heads or heads upraised? Eyes closed or open? Hands clasped or arms outstretched?

Posture itself is not of primary importance; attitude of mind is. Whatever the posture of the one praying and the listeners, it should lend itself to meditation and to communion with God.

Spoken prayer—like a good sermon—should have what advertising people term "retention quality." It should remain in our minds to strengthen our resolution to live according to God's will.

Yes, I have heard many kinds of prayers. Those in which I have joined silently carried my heart and mind along with them as they ascended to the throne of God. That, I believe, is the mark of a good prayer; it lingers in the mind and spirit to help us live as God would have us do. □

Teens

By DALE WHITE

HOW MUCH freedom? Parents and young people spar with one another over the answer to this tough question:

"I am a girl, 15, and very disturbed with my parents. I want to go to a centennial where my boyfriend lives. It really means a lot to me. So I asked my parents if I could go. My mother didn't say anything at all. My dad said, 'No, you can't! You have to go to school.' Lots of people miss days for reasons like mine. My grades are always good, but whenever I want to do something, the answer is always 'No!' I am getting tired of hearing 'No!' for an answer!"

Young people need freedom. They learn skills in associating with others only if they are allowed to take some risks and make some mistakes. Self-confidence can grow only if they are encouraged to manage much of their lives themselves. But just how *much* freedom should adults give, and when? Too much freedom given in the wrong way may allow kids to get caught in situations they are not yet ready to handle.

The flip side of freedom is responsibility. Adults turn kids loose as they feel the kids taking responsibility. This means being sensitive to the needs and wishes of other persons, caring about one's own long-range good, and respecting the fabric of duty and law that binds persons into a community.

Responsible freedom grows where adults and youths care enough to be honest with one another.

Adults should be honest about their feelings and motives, too. Young people say, "My parents always say, 'It's for your own good,' but I know a lot of their rules are passed for their own convenience." Why shouldn't parents admit that *they* have rights and interests, too? Why not say without apology: "Look, I know you would like to stay out until 2 a.m., but we don't get a wink of sleep until you come in, and without sleep we can't meet our obligations the next day."

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz
© 1961 by Warner Press, Inc.

"Stop singing, 'Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow!' "

Young people find it hard to be honest with adults. They need to keep some areas of their lives private from their parents. That is a part of their need to become separate persons and to build nests of trust and intimacy outside the home. Wise parents do not ask for a blow-by-blow description of everything that happens when the kids are out of sight. But parents do need to feel that their youngsters will ask for help when they need it.

Q&A

It is hard to be a Christian girl, especially now that the Women's Liberation Movement has brought me new moral problems.

I've read that brothers and sisters should be treated equally in the home, with an equal amount of responsibilities. I realize that my sister and I must do more housework than my brothers, but this inequality does not bother me because I enjoy doing it for my mother. My brothers are supposed to be in charge of emptying the trash, and cutting the lawn, but my mother or father always ends up doing their share. This doesn't irk me much, either.

But when my brothers start assuming airs of superiority, I am unable to accept their orders. They treat me like a servant! When we're all seated at the dinner table, they demand that I get them more ice from the kitchen. When I'm busy doing homework, they order me to fix their lunch. Whenever I refuse, my mother interferes by making me feel ashamed that I wouldn't do it. These favors are not really impossible, but when I do them and they never return the favors to me, I am admitting my inferiority. Many times the conflict in my mind has become so great that I go to my room and cry.

I want to act Christian, but I can't accept what my mother seemingly accepts—that sisters should serve their brothers whenever they can. I don't know how I can ever marry if I stay the way I am. Help me to decide what is right.—J.Z.

I'd like to ask our readers to answer your letter. Is this situation

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fair? Does Women's Lib show us areas of injustice in our treatment of women? We need to know what kids are thinking about all this. Please write!

Q&A

I am a girl, 16. I don't really know why I am writing, but it seems like nobody around here wants to listen. I think I have a serious problem and this is it: I went steady with this boy for two years. Just when I thought we would break up, I went away to camp where I was a counselor. At camp I met a boy who was also a counselor: We immediately liked each other. At the end of camp we were very close friends.

When I got home, the boy I was going with heard about the boy at camp. My boyfriend is ready to kill me. He has a very terrible temper, and I am afraid he will hurt me or the other boy. Well, now my problem is that *I* like the boy from camp and my *boyfriend* likes *me*. He has threatened to do some pretty bad things if I don't straighten this mess up. What shall I do?—M.S.

Never continue a steady relationship because you are afraid to break it off! If threats and intimidations have to hold it together, it is already dead. Sometimes a relationship gets sort of sick. The couple cannot live with it and they cannot live without it. He threatens violence or she threatens scandal or even worse.

When this happens, drastic surgery is far better than trying splints and bandages. I'd say write this boy a note saying you never intend going out with him again. Then make it stick. If necessary, have your father call his father and warn against any further threats.

Q&A

At nine I was taken out of my virginity, or however you want to put it. I really feel badly about it. I knew nothing. I didn't know how wrong it was. I never did tell my folks, and I can't now, since the man lives in our house half the time and is a family friend. Plus they would probably think I was just trying to cover up.

I know it's not uncommon for sexual intercourse to take place at a young age, but what will it do for us when we're older and want to get married?

Will kids of today ever have the happy Christian marriages? I never want to live with a man who's not married to me. Will I be considered revoltingly square? Any more it seems (if you'll please excuse the bluntness) that all any guy wants is just one thing. I'll never give it, so now I'm slowly losing popularity. Is it a sin to have morals?—B.B.

Girls who have early, frightening sexual experiences occasionally find it hard to give themselves freely in the early months of marriage. Lots of other girls find it hard, too. But that does not mean they will not have happy Christian marriages. Such a marriage is a work of art, created over many months and years of commitment and love.

You may need to talk with a professional counselor at some future time. Keeping a frightening or shameful experience secret keeps us from talking out the painful feelings it caused. These get buried and blown up out of all proportion. Working them through with an understanding counselor helps to bring them into focus.

I certainly agree with your concern about morals. The best preparation for the Christian marriage you want is the practice of Christian attitudes and standards in dating.

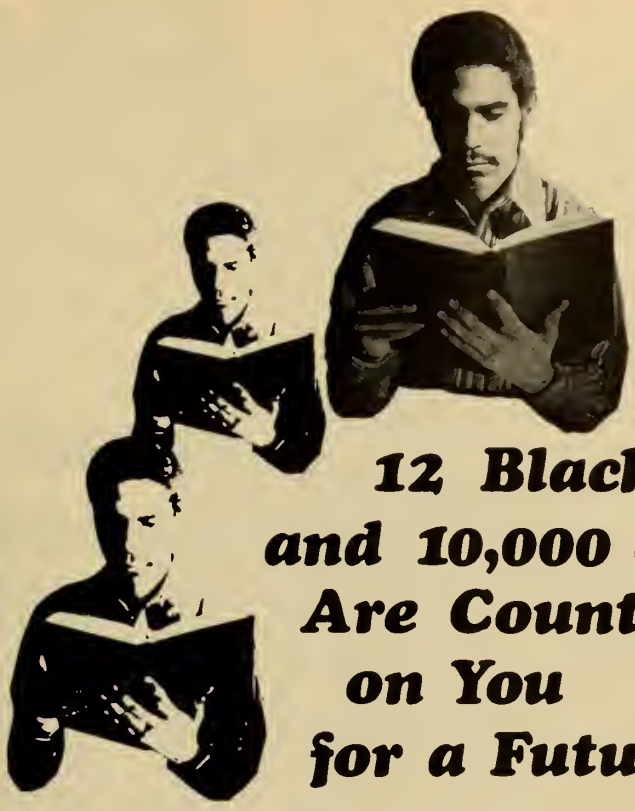
Q&A

I am a boy, 15, and would like to know how to get a girl to like me, start a conversation, and get away from an inferiority complex. How can you get away from an inferiority complex when you're sure you *are* inferior? I love this girl very much but would like to get to know her better.

I am sorry for not knowing my English too well. I am dumber than most people.—M.R.

Your letter reminds me of so many fellows I have known who feel like failures because they are not very good at academic subjects. But often they have real ability in other fields. Think about the serious shortage of men to service and repair the complicated machines we depend on to do a lot of our work, for instance.

I hope you are getting good guidance in school so you can find courses which bring out your hidden



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On Race Relations Sunday, February 14, 1971, the drive will be launched to raise $4 million annually. This program is the new Negro Colleges Advance with the Rev. Dennis R. Fletcher, New York, and the Rev. E. Clayton Calhoun, Nashville, Tenn., as co-directors.

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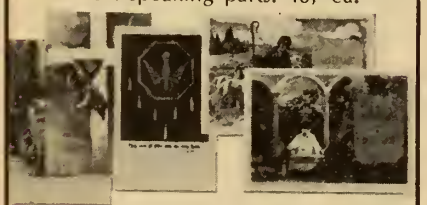

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talents. And how about starting to break the old habit of concentrating only on your bad points? It would help to join clubs and groups which build on your interests and let you practice talking with people. As you contribute to the group you will find the others appreciating your efforts and you will feel better about yourself. *Everyone* has *something* to give! As you come to accept yourself you will find it easier to talk to girls.

Q&A

I would like to know if you have any information on the peace sign. Our problems of democracy class had a very interesting discussion on the peace sign, its background, and its meaning. Our teacher said that the peace sign stood for the antichrist and is used by atheists. When I wear the peace sign, it isn't because I'm against Christ but because I'd like to see peace in the world.—W.H.

The peace symbol was created by the Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War in London in 1958. It is a symbol of nuclear disarmament. It combines the semaphore signals for the letters *N* (flags at a 45-degree angle) and *D* (flags held vertically). The letters stand for "nuclear disarmament." The circle represents the world. [See picture, page 17.]

Peace marchers in England first carried the symbol on their banners. At that time nuclear testing in the atmosphere was the big issue. Since then the symbol has come to stand for peace in general.

Literature circulating which claims that the symbol was designed by Communists to breed a generation of traitors is in error. The young people I have met who wear the symbol want the world to know they long for peace. They see world peace as neither anti-American nor antichristian, but the only worthy fulfillment of the American dream and the Christian vision. These young people are not Communists and have no interest in Marxist theories.

Tell Dr. Dale White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through Teens. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. —*Your Editors*

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MISCELLANEOUS

CHINESE COOKBOOK (150 PAGES zesty dishes) and Soochow calendar. $2 from Friends of Soochow University, Box 133, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, California 90024. Help Methodist-related Chinese university.

BOOKS

"He ordered Jesus to be first scourged and then handed over to be crucified." (Matthew 27:26.) Salvador Dali's somber painting of the sentence pronounced on Jesus is drab brown and gray and white except for a blotch of red for the blood that streamed from the wounds left by the lash. One of a set of illustrations Dali painted for the *Biblia Sacra*, it is among 32 of the paintings reproduced in a new deluxe gift edition of *The Jerusalem Bible*.

ON FIFTH AVENUE in the fall of 1969, Doubleday and Company editor John Delaney saw a magnificent Bible in the window of Rizzoli's New York store.

This was the world-famous *Biblia Sacra*, published in five volumes and illustrated with 105 paintings by Salvador Dali. Editions of it cost $1,800, $2,700, and $15,000.

It was the Dali paintings that fascinated Delaney. They were utterly different from the surrealistic landscapes of the painter's early work, powerful and beautiful enough to enrich any edition of the Bible. Doubleday had been looking for illustrations that would reflect the contemporary nature of **The Jerusalem Bible**, which it had published in English in 1966, and as Delaney looked at the paintings in the *Biblia Sacra*, he was convinced that here were the perfect illustrations.

Negotiations between Doubleday and Rizzoli took months, but finally it was agreed that Doubleday would use 32 of the Dali paintings in a deluxe edition of *The Jerusalem Bible*.

To make this deluxe edition easier to read, 38 miles of type was reset. Notes and introductions were revised. Information only Bible scholars would care about was eliminated. Eight new pages were added, with maps, chronological tables, a table of measures and money, and space for family records. Rizzoli's own printing plant in Italy reproduced the illustrations. The text paper is expected to last 1,500 to 2,000 years.

The Jerusalem Bible is truly ecumenical—approved by the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, England, and Canada; authorized for use by members of the Episcopal Church; and widely used in other denominations. In red, white, or black bind-

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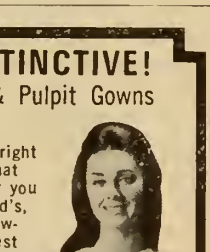

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ing, the new deluxe edition is $39.95. This is not as impressive as the price of the *Biblia Sacra*, but otherwise this edition should be special enough for anybody.

Compared to the irresistible humanity of Abraham Lincoln, George Washington's personality has always come through to me as remote, severe, and not really very interesting. Until now. I have just finished reading **George Washington and the New Nation (1783-1793)** (Little, Brown, $12.50), in which James Thomas Flexner gives us a Washington who is appealingly human.

Although he conducted enthusiastic agricultural experiments at Mount Vernon, the general who had won the Revolutionary War was not a successful farmer. He lived beyond his means, partly because he was an unfailingly gracious host; and he was so painfully in debt at the time he was elected first president of the United States that he had to borrow money to travel to New York City for his inauguration. Yet in spite of his money problems, he refused to have squatters thrown off his lands if it would be a hardship for them.

As president of the Constitutional Convention, Washington helped shape the governmental structure we still live under today, and as president of the United States he made that office an expression of democracy instead of kingly grandeur.

George Washington and the New Nation covers the 10 years between the end of the Revolutionary War and the close of Washington's first term as president. It is the third volume in Flexner's projected four-volume biography of the first president, a portrait in-the-round and a brilliant reflection of the disputes, uncertainty, and turbulence of the time when men were fashioning a government in a new and untried image.

For several days I have been wandering through that extraordinary book **A White House Diary** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $10.95). It has been a remarkable tour, led by no less than a First Lady, and I am admiring—and exhausted.

Lady Bird Johnson started talking her diary into a tape recorder just a few days after Lyndon B. Johnson was catapulted into the presidency, and she kept at it through the five years and several weeks of the Johnson administration.

In the beginning she meant it as a private thing, something to give her daughters and their future children a view of life in the White House through her eyes. But she has always liked to write, and she has a great love of America and a respect for its history. After a time she began to feel that her experience was "too great a thing to have alone," and so this most gracious and sharing of president's wives shares it with the rest of us.

In an entry about a Congressional Wives Prayer Breakfast that she attended early in 1964 she noted that the group sang some familiar hymns: "I have been a member of the Episcopal Church for more than 30 years, yet I still remember and participate far better in those old songs from my Methodist upbringing."

Admitting that she was a little self-conscious about getting up to pray in public, and be outspoken about it, she went on: ". . . but if it is one of the strongest feelings in your make-up, why not say so right out loud?"

Don't expect any gossip or malice in Mrs. Johnson's book. She is too much of a lady, too politically wise, and too genuinely concerned with others' happiness to be malicious. Don't expect great writing, either, but in this book this lack is a strength. The diary sounds just like Lady Bird Johnson, and for a large share of Americans—including many who don't like her husband—this is enough. I suspect many a mother will hand it to her daughters with the expressed or silent hope that this is the kind of wife, mother, friend, and human being they will become.

History moves fast.

In 1968 a group of Quakers representing the American Friends Service Committee began exploring possible avenues to peace in the Middle East. Members of the working party knew that any neat compromise was almost impossible, but they listened patiently to every point of view and worked through 18 drafts of their report.

Search for Peace in the Middle East was published early in 1970. After the death of Egyptian president Abdul Nasser it was revised and updated and published again last November as a 75¢ Fawcett Premier paperback.

"A major obstacle to rational understanding of the Arab-Israeli dilemma is to be found in the polarization of popular attitudes in the West, especially in the United States," the report observes. "The tendency is for each side to deny that the other has any legitimate case and to attack as enemies those who seek a middle

way." Cool, dispassionate, neither pro-Israeli nor pro-Arab, the report does not make this mistake.

Martin E. Marty is a church historian who doesn't get bogged down in dates and denominational squabbles, and he has a swift-paced writing style developed as a church journalist. It would have to be swift-paced, in fact, because he has written, edited, coedited, or contributed to more than 75 books during the last 11 years. His latest is **Righteous Empire: The Protestant Experience in America** (Dial Press, $8.95), which looks at Protestants' effect on America and America's effect on them.

This is history in terms of men and movements, a panoramic view painted with broad strokes that throws a lot of light on why church people are so polarized today.

The art we have from our 150 years as an English colony ranges from the stiff primitive paintings done by anonymous traveling artists to the sophisticated canvases of John Singleton Copley. Household furnishings and architecture ranged from great simplicity to rich ornamentation.

Shirley Glubok has selected a small but fascinating sampling for **The Art of Colonial America** (Macmillan, $5.95). This colorful book for young readers of almost any age reveals such oddities as the way children looked then—like miniature adults, with small boys and small girls dressed alike. Now it's big boys and girls who dress alike.

Cynthia and Julian Rockmore have restored and decorated four early American houses with antiques, thereby proving to themselves that old things can be put to new uses throughout the house.

The Room-by-Room Book of American Antiques (Hawthorn, $11.95) describes how they do it. They believe it's a better idea than living with furnishings that are dated and drab long before the time payments are completed.

"Poor health, poor living conditions, obsolete educational systems, and generalized social disorganization are as much causes of drug abuse as any of the possible deep-seated psychic conflicts," says psychotherapist Wesley C. Westman in **The Drug Epidemic** (Dial Press, $4.95). He believes that a vigorous, innovative attack on social problems would probably have more impact on the drug epidemic than any so-called rehabilitative programs that are conceived after the fact.

Dr. Westman, who has had experience with control commissions in the states of New York and Connecticut as well as experience with patients in private practice, gives some very factual answers to questions like: Who are the addicts? What is an addiction-prone personality? Can the habit be kicked? What are the most effective forms of treatment? Are all drugs equally harmful?

One of the sanest, best researched, and most believable books on drugs available at any price is a paperback that speaks directly to young people without screaming alarms, and applies the Christian faith without preaching.

The Christian Encounters Drugs and Drug Abuse (Concordia, $1.50) is a low-key discussion of the history, distribution, legal aspects, uses, and effects of LSD, marijuana, amphetamines, barbiturates, and heroin. Author James Cassens writes with respect for his reader, and in beautifully lucid style. His qualifications include a Ph.D. in clinical psychology, experience gained in his own private practice in psychiatric therapy, and teaching at Concordia Teachers College, River Forest, Ill.

If I were selecting one book on drugs, this would be the book.

Veteran missionary E. Stanley Jones, 87 years young, has outlined his own idea of church union in **The Reconstruction of the Church—On What Pattern** (Abingdon, $4.95).

He points to the relationship between the churches at Antioch and Jerusalem as the model. Their union was so organic that when the church in Jerusalem suffered, Christians in Antioch suffered and sent aid, and yet each had the freedom to create.

Dr. Jones believes Christian churches can achieve such unity with freedom today in a federal union that would have branches corresponding to the present denominations.

Abingdon Press has announced that it will publish a new one-volume Bible commentary next September. Expected to cost under $20 and aimed at a broad readership of laymen, ministers, and scholars, it will reflect the same high quality of scholarship that made *The Interpreter's Bible* and *The Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible*, standard references in the field of biblical study. Both of these were published by Abingdon.

It was like living with a hurricane. Deaf and brain-damaged, two-year-old Mandy would crash through the house with a shovel, breaking windows, clocks, and crockery; downing

A REMINDER

DEADLINE!

THE dictionary defines "deadline" as the time at which no printed matter or photographs can be added to the pages of a publication.

In our case, the deadline is February 1. After that it will be too late for you to submit color transparencies for TOGETHER's 15th annual color pictorial.

This year's theme—*Celebration Is . . .* offers a variety of interpretations, and should give wide range to your imagination.

Again this year we will pay $35 for each slide used. Remember, though, it will be too late after February 1.

HERE ARE THE RULES

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies. (Color prints or negatives are not eligible.)

2. Identify each slide; tell where it was taken and by whom. Explain in a sentence or two how it illustrates what the theme *Celebration Is . . .* means to you.

3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage. (Do not stick stamps on anything.)

4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1971.

5. Original slides bought and all production rights to them become TOGETHER's property. (For their files, photographers will receive duplicates of all slides purchased.)

6. Slides not accepted will be returned as soon as possible. TOGETHER will use care in handling transparencies, but cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged.

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six bananas in six minutes; painting her entire face green with eyeshadow; flushing all the keys in the house down the toilet.

Now Mandy is eight, a beautiful child who holds hands and kisses people, can read and write, and has a vocabulary pushing 200 words. Years from now she may even be able to read her father's **Words for a Deaf Daughter** (Harper & Row, $5.95). Paul West wrote this chronicle of her earlier years with such love and depth of understanding that it is a dazzling reflection of the surreal world in which she dwelt until special treatment and teaching began to lead her gently into this one.

Five 95¢ Signet paperbacks based on *Sesame Street* became available in January, 1971. Created in co-operation with the Children's Television Workshop, producer of that remarkable children's television show, they are: **The Sesame Street Book of Numbers, The Sesame Street Book of Letters, The Sesame Street Book of Shapes, The Sesame Street Book of Puzzlers,** and **The Sesame Street Book of People and Things.**

They came out in hard covers last spring (distributed by Little, Brown, $3.95 each).

It seems to me that they are designed for different age levels so it's a good idea to look at each before you buy, to be sure it fits your own small fry's interests.

There is a time when a small child is fascinated by small things. For children who are at this stage in their development a miniature book in which **The Lord's Prayer** (Windmill Books / Simon and Schuster, $2.95) is illustrated by George Kraus's paintings of Amish life will be a genuine treasure.

The stewardship of food is important, and so I would like to mention **The Plan-Ahead Cookbook** (Macmillan, $5.95). Author Ceil Dyer says: ". . . by buying more than enough for a planned menu, . . . and by cooking more than enough—preparing the makings for three, four, or even more meals at one 'cooking'—you will save time."

There are everyday recipes in this practical book, like corned beef hash, exotic-sounding dishes like dolmadakia me avgolemeno (grape leaves stuffed with lamb over which you pour lemon-egg sauce), and elegant-sounding dishes like crepes fruits de mer mornay (little pancakes made with flaked fish, topped with cheese sauce).

William Zinsser is likely to turn a satirical eye on almost anything. Thus, **The Lunacy Boom** (Harper & Row, $5.95) reports with mock seriousness about such things as zip codes, jury duty, the glass offices of the Ford Foundation, an electronic lawn mower, a drive-in funeral parlor for busy mourners, and the mysterious disappearance of American companies into conglomerates.

Read it piecemeal, lest the lunacy be catching.

Boys and girls from 8 to 12 can find a lively retelling of their favorite stories from the Bible in **Young Readers Book of Bible Stories** (Abingdon, $7.95). Helen Doss knows how to add the small details that make a story come alive without doing violence to the beauty and dignity of the original Scriptures.

Another strength of this handsome book that was designed to stand alongside the *Young Readers Bible, Young Readers Dictionary of the Bible,* and *Young Readers Book of Christian Symbolism* is that there are maps on the end papers and clarifying notes at the ends of the stories.

Mrs. Doss based the stories on the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, but occasionally other translations provided her with a felicitous word or phrase, or throw light upon a difficult passage.

Malcolm Boyd has been so self-revealing in his previous books that it may seem impossible for him to have anything further to say in **My Fellow Americans** (Holt Rinehart Winston, $5.95). But he has.

My Fellow Americans is Malcolm Boyd listening to other people, an interesting collection of Americans including veterans of the Viet Nam War, members of a commune in a university town in California, *Playboy* publisher Hugh Hefner, and the founder of the first Chicano civil-rights organization.

The controversial Episcopal priest is a powerful writer, and he has a talent for the in-depth interview. *My Fellow Americans* gives you a strong feeling that you are there.—*Helen Johnson*

Fiction

MEN ARE never at their best in the midst of a political campaign. Every time I go through this experience, I wonder how democracy ever manages to persist. I have been glancing at advertisements in the newspaper, listening to political commercials on the television, and longing deep in my heart for the peace and quiet that comes when the election has been decided for better or for worse.

Of course, this is particularly true of a church. United Methodism will be facing the election of a number of bishops in 1972; may the good Lord save us. Foolish things are said, and foolish prophecies are proclaimed. There is something about the necessity of choosing a man to represent you that brings out the worst in all of us. We cannot be fair, we cannot be generous, we must sink to the levels of innuendo or anything else that will weaken one man and strengthen another. The thing to remember is that after it is all over we shall go back to our business of living, and the politicians and the political issues will have amazingly little influence on what we do or accomplish.

All this introduces the book DEATH OF A CITY by Lionel White (*Bobbs-Merrill, $5.95*), which is a story of a city and its inner political workings, and it is not a very encouraging one. It is a Southern city in which a black church is bombed and black children are killed. The smoldering relationship between the races becomes a raging fire and those who thought they knew the city best find that they did not know it at all. The mayor of Oakdale, Boyd Miller, calls the rumors of a race riot merely the fears of a few long-haired intellectuals who do not know the real truth. He was killed in the riot. The district attorney thinks he knows all about it, but when deep-seated hatreds express themselves openly, one of his predictions is true. Gangsters enter the picture and plot a big robbery in the midst of the burning and killing. The situation rapidly gets out of hand as has happened in several cities in recent years.

As one who was shocked and somewhat bewildered by the violence of Watts a few years ago, I can understand how these things break loose and get out of control. Our cities are settings for violence and hatred, and there are always those waiting for opportunities to profit from such violence and hatred.

An excessive emphasis upon sex, especially when it occurs in an interracial situation, is a part of this story. In a little while what you thought was a civilized community becomes the jungle with the layers of culture stripped away. It is a terrible picture and a terrifying possibility which every community faces. Original sin is still with us, and the theory of automatic progress seems like a childish fairy tale.

Well, this is an exciting story. Lionel White knows how to write and wring every ounce of drama out of his explosive material. Novel writers have the responsibility of interpreting and reflecting situations and conditions as they really are. White does this without any indication that there is a balm in Gilead for anyone. The book does not have any of the great, creative insights which a religious man seeks. But it seemed to me that this was a very successful description of where we are and the dangers facing our democracy. I can hardly resist moving into a sermon right here, but I will save that for my congregation next Sunday.

One magazine which I read from cover to cover besides *Harpers* and the *Saturday Review* is *Sports Illustrated*. Some time ago a book review in the magazine intrigued me and I ordered the book DELIVERANCE by James Dickey *(Houghton Mifflin, $5.95)*. Mr. Dickey, besides being an athlete, a night-fighter pilot, and an advertising executive, is a first-rate poet. He won the National Book Award in Poetry in 1966, and he was appointed poetry consultant to the Library of Congress. He knows how to write and this book is a very intriguing one although it also is full of violence.

The story is of four men on a three-day canoe trip down a very wild section of a river in the South. They are a mutual-fund salesman, a supervisor in a soft drink company, a successful art director in a consulting firm who tells the story, and an enthusiastic outdoor man who is obsessed with the idea that he must stand up against nature alone and win. On the second day of the trip, they are attacked by some vicious mountaineers, and one is sexually assaulted by one of these perverse, illiterate creatures. The story then becomes a matter of hunting and being hunted and of killing with bow and arrow. The four friends decide to get rid of the bodies of those killed and make no report.

The book reflects the terror of the situation and what happens to men who are face-to-face with things they never believed possible in modern times. I read it with some horror and some curiosity as to what was going to happen next. What do men do and how will they react when outside the rules of civilization? What happens when they find themselves in a jungle, having to kill or be killed? The theme again is violence although in this book it is more personal than in the city.

After reading *Deliverance* I concluded that men have not changed as much as they sometimes assume, and our needs are not greatly different from those of our ancient ancestors. But I have to say that *Deliverance* has the touch of an artist and reveals the skill of a writer.

And now if you feel that there ought to be a change of pace next time, I agree with you.

—GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church

The Good Scratches

By FAYE TANNER COOL

"HAVE fun with your new birthday wagon, Billy," said Dad as he prepared to leave for work.

"I'll be careful. I won't scratch it," Billy said gravely.

Dad tousled Billy's hair. "Some scratches will be good ones," said Dad as he turned and strode off down the street.

How could scratches on my new wagon be good ones? Billy wondered. As he started pulling the sparkling red wagon along the sidewalk, Judy and Mark came riding by on their tricycles. Their dog, Jingles, followed behind them, his tail wagging furiously. They stopped and looked at the wagon.

"Hey, Billy, let's make a train," Mark suggested.

"And put Jingles in your wagon," Judy added.

"No!" Billy exclaimed. "He'd scratch the paint."

"It'll get scratched anyhow," said

Judy. "Come on, Mark." They rode away, leaving Billy all alone.

Billy tugged at the wagon handle, scowling as he walked along slowly. No dog was going to scratch *his* wagon with long, sharp toenails.

At the next house Billy saw Leo Garrett with four baseball bats on his shoulder. Leo was in junior high and Billy thought he was super.

"Hi, Billy. That's a keen wagon. How about trucking these bats to the park for me?" called Leo.

Billy shook his head. "Can't. Those bats might scratch the paint."

"Well, if you feel that way . . ." Leo hurried away.

A little farther down the street Billy saw Mrs. Martin working in her flower beds.

"You're just the boy I need," she told him. "This basket of weeds gets heavier every trip I make to dump them. If you would take them in your red wagon . . ." She straightened up and pushed her big straw hat farther down on her head.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Martin." Billy shifted from one foot to the other. "This wagon is new. If the paint gets scratched it won't look nice."

Mrs. Martin pursed her lips. "I see," she said. She picked up the basket and started slowly for the backyard.

Billy walked on pulling the shiny red wagon, but somehow he didn't feel as proud of it as he had earlier.

Soon he heard someone crying. Behind a hedge a curly-haired little girl sat on the grass. She wore a brace on her leg. Tears streaked her flushed cheeks.

"What's the matter?" Billy asked.

"They—they've left me." She pointed up the street at a group of children. "I tried to keep up, but I'm too slow."

"I'll take you in my wagon. We'll catch up with them." He helped her climb in and sit down. "You must be new on our street," said Billy as they rumbled along. "What's your name?"

"I'm Mary Carlson. We just moved here from Kansas," she replied.

In almost no time they joined her friends in the park.

"I'll come back for you later, Mary," Billy called. He headed for the baseball diamond where Leo was playing in left field.

"Hey, Leo, want me to pull your bats home?" he hollered.

"Great! But it will be a while yet," Leo answered.

"That's okay. I have something to do first," called Billy.

Mrs. Martin was still in her garden when Billy arrived. She looked hotter and more tired than before. Billy said: "I'll pull that basket for you."

"Oh, thank you, Billy. I was wondering how I could make this last trip," she sighed.

As he helped Mrs. Martin, Billy thought: Tomorrow I'll ask Judy and Mark if they still want to play train. Maybe Mary and Jingles can both be passengers.

That evening Billy pulled his wagon to meet his father coming home from work.

"Want me to pull your briefcase, Dad?" Billy asked.

"That would be fine." Mr. Hughes bent to lay the leather case in the wagon. "Say, what's this? Scratches on your new wagon already?"

Billy grinned up at his father. "Yeh . . . but those are *good* scratches, Dad." □

DOORS

Doors to a house,
Doors to a car,
Doors to a school,
Wherever you are.

Doors can be thick,
Doors can be tall,
Doors can be squeaky,
Doors can be small.

Doors have a knob,
Doors have a lock.
People with keys
Don't have to knock.

Doors can get stuck,
Sometimes they do,
Doors can be opened,
Welcoming you.

Doors let you in.
Doors let you hide,
Keeping you safe
When you're inside.

Open the door!
Open it wide!
We can explore
Whatever's outside.

—*Sarah S. Katzman*

Jottings

Once upon a time, our picture of an American missionary was that of a rather severe gentleman who came wading out of the ocean onto a jungle beach, Bible in hand. Thence he marched off into the wilds to preach the gospel in English, a language the heathen couldn't understand.

The true picture of United Methodism's world missionary effort is reflected in a number of articles and pictorial features throughout this issue. Today, the missionary is likely to be a physician, teacher, agriculturist, businessman, construction expert, or nurse—as well as preacher—but, more likely, a citizen of the country involved.

No less than six features in this issue emphasize the missionary activities of United Methodists. It is only coincidence that one of the nonmissionary articles, *Once in a While, a Respite* [see page 40], was written by a physician with extensive work as a medical missionary in east Africa.

Dr. **James B. Dibble**, born in Madras, India, is the son and grandson of Methodist ministers. His work as a medical missionary in Tanganyika (now part of Tanzania) included close association with bushmen in an area larger than seven Midwestern states.

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Now practicing as a surgeon in Eau Claire, Wis., Dr. Dibble tells us that the major health problems in the tropical regions where he worked are caused by parasites.

"The most common are hookworm, whipworm, roundworm, schistosomes, and malaria. Sleeping sickness, smallpox, yaws, tropical ulcers, elephantiasis, beriberi, and the plague have virtually disappeared since the arrival of Christian missionaries some 35 years ago . . . Blindness is common, most of it due to scarring of the transparent front of the eyeball by virus such as trachoma, bacteria, and syphilis . . .

"On the other hand, coronary heart disease, hardening of the arteries, gall bladder, tonsillitis, middle-ear infection, and sinusitis are uncommon. There is no diabetes; appendicitis is virtually non-existent. Cancer, while not absent, is relatively uncommon."

The author's experiences in Tanganyika are related in the book *In This Land of Eve* (Abingdon, $2.95). Reference is to that part of Africa where anthropologists found fossil bones of preman nearly 2 million years old. In reference to this, Dr. Dibble included the following verses as part of a narrative poem:

"Again the trail led down,
then up,
And we felt like men from Lilliput
Adrift on seas of bush and thorn
In this land of Eve where man
was born.

"Or at least we're told that
here man bred
from a race of premen long
since dead;
For out on this long green-
yellow plain
Is the spot where Abel was slain
by Cain."

Another of our contributors to this issue has been so active in writing, counseling, and teaching that to merely list his accomplishments would require more space than is available on this page. Suffice it to say that **L. Mack Powell**, author of *When You Have Trouble Relating to God* [page 23], is hard at work in and around Norman, Okla., doing "extensive teaching of a seminar series for churches in the area of self-awareness, child development, and family-life education"; that his hobbies include photography, writing, and gardening; and that he is the father of two young children.

As long as we reprinted a bit of poetry by Dr. Dibble, here's a little ditty by **Maureen Cannon** whose *Winter Beach* appears opposite this page. It is one of several of hers that have appeared among advertising signs on city buses throughout the U.S. It is titled *Bird Word:*

"I'm fond of fruit. And, truth to tell
I dote on birds. But come Noel
I think I simply cannot bear
Another partridge! Or a pear!"

Mrs. Cannon admits it is great fun "to have a shopping friend cranky because Macy's is out of everything, look up on the overcrowded bus, see one of my ditties and suddenly giggle!"

Among our other contributors we should list **Edwin H. Maynard**, author of that starkly realistic *Witnessing to Love in the Midst of Hate* [page 13]. Mr. Maynard is editorial director of *the Interpreter*, a magazine for church leaders published by the Division of Interpretation, Program Council, The United Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill.

And, of course, there's **Margaret (Peggy) Drinkwater** of Philadelphia, Pa., who has graduated from nursing school since writing her touching *All This She Has Given Me . . .*" [page 28].

Miss Drinkwater confides that her "security blanket," during ofttimes heartbreaking or frustrating times in nursing school, was a teddy bear. "I could tell him my troubles, knowing he had no other choice but to listen . . . And in those moments of utter frustration, I could throw him against the nearest wall without too much damage! . . . He helped me through the first (and last) very difficult days and held a front-row seat at graduation!"

—*Your Editors*

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WINTER BEACH

Now is the lull, the vast and lonely lull
Between the summers. Naked, elemental,
The pewter sky, the wild careening gull,
The January ocean mock the gentle
Remembrance of another beach, a time
As simple as an antic nursery rhyme,
As half-forgotten. Once upon a dune
We built a day, a yellow afternoon,
A white-sail morning, dusk the color of
The lining of a shell, the shape of love. . . .
Now is the solitary season, and
The day we built was buried in the sand
How many tides and truths ago? Come, teach
Me, gull. Now is the barren winter beach.

—Maureen Cannon

"Never alone as long as I have Together®"

This was the comment of one United Methodist layman when questioned if he was lonesome at home with the family away all day. He is retired because of illness.

Ex-railroader, George Mabry, lives on beautiful Percy Priest Lake out from Nashville. The small Lovell Memorial United Methodist Church is almost in sight of his home, but across a large bay of this man-made lake. It is necessary to drive twelve miles to get there by car. That is just what the Mabrys do each Sunday.

To keep up on his church during the week Mr. Mabry reads TOGETHER.

"I enjoy stories about people, busy people doing things," he says.

He also mentioned that he likes the beautiful color pictures and finds the *letters to the editor* interesting. Mrs. Mabry, who now works and a son who attends high school also enjoy TOGETHER.

George W. Mabry
Layman Tennessee Conference

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